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THE HISTORY
OF A
VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.

BEING A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF THE ORGANIZATION,
SERVICES AND ADVENTURES

OF THE

Sixth Regiment New York Volunteers
INFANTRY

KNOWN AS WILSON ZOUAVES.

WHERE THEY WENT—WHAT THEY DID—AND WHAT THEY SAW
IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1861 TO 1865.

Prepared from Official Data, by
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Late U. S. V.

Illustrated by JAMES E. TAYLOR.



NEW YORK:
VETERAN VOLUNTEER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1891.

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SHELF CARD

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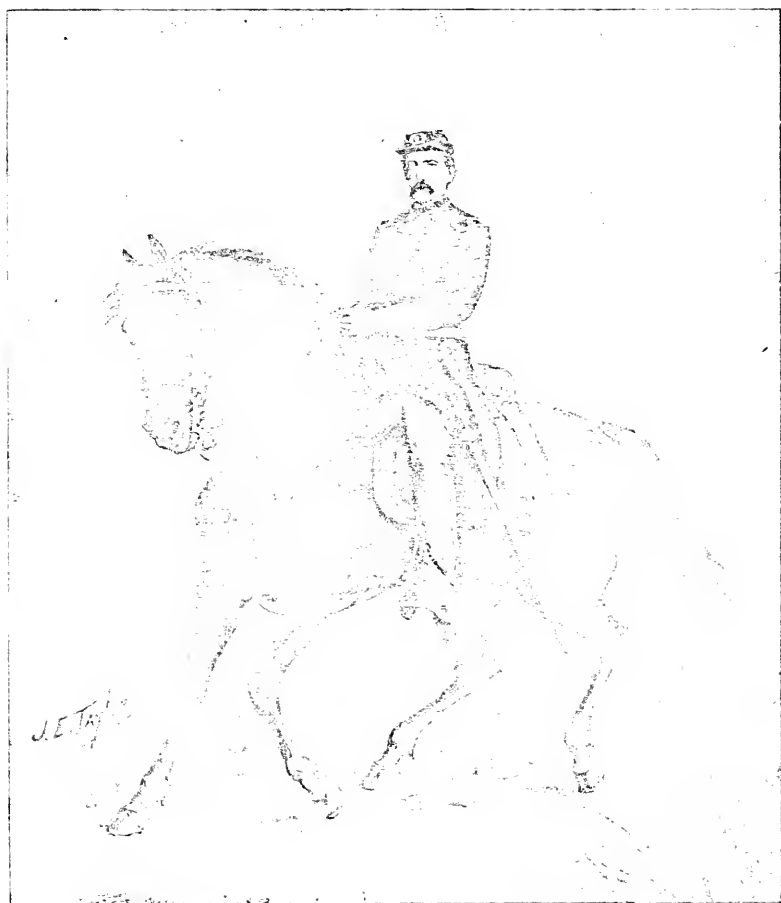
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WILLIAM WILSON,
COLONEL AND BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL.

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TO THE
SONS AND DAUGHTERS

Of the Officers and Enlisted Men who composed the
SIXTH REGIMENT INFANTRY NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

THIS RECORD

Of their Fathers' achievements in times that tried men's souls is
affectionately inscribed with the hope that they may
love their Country and its Flag better for knowing
what their freedom and integrity have cost.

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Lieut. T. J. ROBARTS.



Chaplain M. NASH, S. J.



Capt. W. J. DENSLOW.



Capt. C. E. HEUBERGER.



Capt. W. B. KAUFMAN.



Capt. J. G. MCNUTT.



Capt. ROBERT BAILEY.

SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF THE SIXTH.

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JOHN OLDHAM



WILLIAM WELCH



Sergt. L. KANNAPEL



OWEN CRAIG



Sergt. JACOB H. THEBERATH



Sergt. PETER TAWSE



JAMES ROBINSON



JOHN J. SHAUGHNESSY



Sergt. SAMUEL WALKER

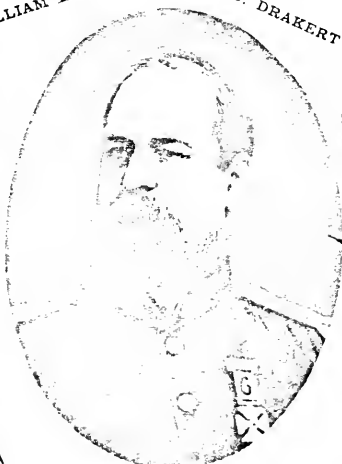
SOME ENLISTED MEN OF THE SIXTH.



WILLIAM KNAPPMAN Sergt. F. J. DRAKERT



JOHN H. McCARRICK



THOMAS SMITH



ABRAHAM BUTTERWORTH



Sergt. JAMES SMITH



Corporal PHILIP CARROLL



RICHARD TAYLOR

SOME ENLISTED MEN OF THE SIXTH.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

Sixth Regiment Infantry New York Volunteers.

1890-'91.

PRESIDENT	CAPT. C. E. HEUBERER.
VICE-PRESIDENT	THOMAS SMITH.
TREASURER	THOMAS J. ROBERTS.
SECRETARY	JOHN W. STICKELMAN.
TRUSTEES:	ABM. BUTTERWORTH. SERGT. J. H. THEBERATH. CAPT. W. J. DENSLOW.

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Colonel LOOMIS L. LANGDON, 1st U. S. Artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel RICHARD H. JACKSON, 4th U. S. Artillery,
and Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

Major A. C. M. PENNINGTON, 4th U. S. Artillery,
and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army.

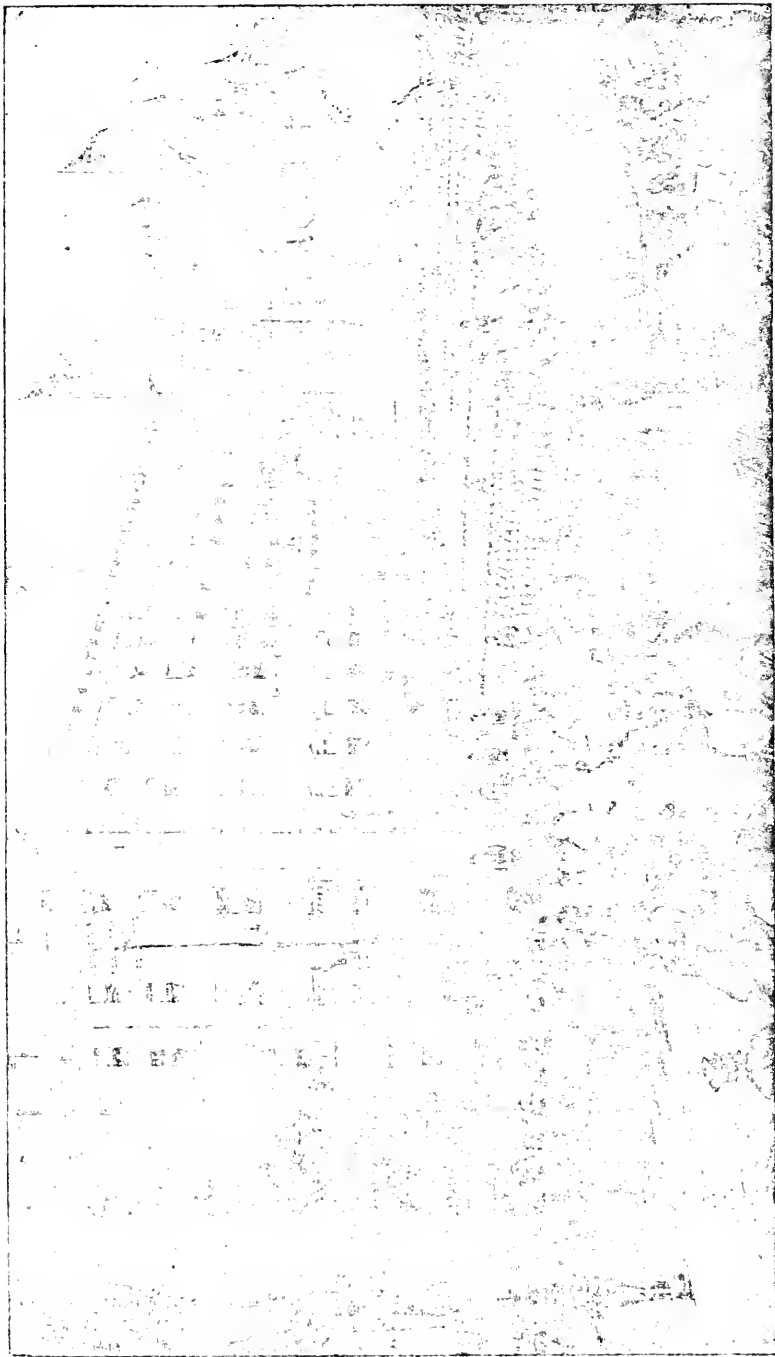
Captain J. GALES RAMSAY, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Chaplain MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

WILLIAM A. WILSON.

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Robert Adams	James Gaffney	George L. Russell
Robert Bailey	John Gannon	James Robinson
Abraham Butterworth	Charles E. Heuberer	Thomas J. Robarts
David Bayard	Moore Hanham	J. Randall
James Brady	John Higgins	W. St. Clair
Charles J. Campbell	Lewis Kannapel	Thomas Smith
Owen Craig	W. B. Kaufman	Charles Schuh
B. W. Crane	Samuel Keeler	John Smith
W. H. Cook	William Knappmann	Christian Shuart
L. H. Carniaux	James Kielt	John W. Stickelman
Edward Cassidy	J. G. McNutt	Robert C. Silvey
Philip Carroll	William Marshall	John O. Silvey
Charles Chandler	J. H. McCarrick	James Smith
W. J. Denslow	William McHenry	John J. Shaughnessy
F. J. Drackert	John S. McLaughlin	Jacob H. Theberath
Thomas Duffy	John Mahony	Richard L. Taylor
James Dunkerly	James P. Murray	J. B. Tooker
William Davis	Edward McDonald	Peter Tawse
Francis Donnelly	Henry Nordt	James F. Wood
James Entwisle	Sidney A. Nichols	Samuel Walker
Henry Eckhardt	Henry Oatgen	William Welch
August Freund	John Oldham	J. J. Wolfer
John Flaherty	Seth Oakley	Thomas Walsh
Charles Fisher	Charles O'Connor	John Wellington
Daniel Grogan	Lewis Powley	Thomas Worth
Robert Gill	Samuel Pardy	Charles C. Wildman
William Gillen	A. J. Quinn	



INTRODUCTION.

THIS sketch of life in and services of a New York Volunteer Regiment during the civil war, is not written from the ordinary point of view of most similar histories. The usual run of such books depict the heroic volunteer bidding good-bye to wife and children, and rushing to the field with "patriotism, glory or death," as his watch-words. This view of the case is absolutely absurd. The American volunteer was a high-class man for the position of a private soldier. In fact he represented the brain, muscle, and will, of the nation embattled. At the same time he was by no manner of means a fool, and of all other created beings he had the least possible romance about him. He was in fact, a strong, cool man, brave by heredity, as Teuton, Celt, or Norseman; clever enough to recognize the fact that to carry out his contract of service obedience and discipline were essential, but not in any shape a "gusher." The American volunteer had very little use for what he would have called "swash," and yet so strange is the irony of fate, that many of the books written about him, and his ways, have been the outcome of the leisure of persons who practically knew little of the men whose doings they have endeavored to depict. It is proposed in this book to make an exception to the apparently established rule, and as an old soldier,

writing to old soldiers, I propose to show the life in question as nearly as a similarity of experience will enable me to do.

I have only here touched lightly on such matters as personal bravery under fire, and have not tried to portray in vivid colors, the inevitable hardships and discomforts of field service.

The first of these attributes, given men of good type with officers of energy and intelligence, can always be predicated. Men who are not used to keep together and have confidence in each other and in their officers will be unreliable; the same men differently treated will do efficient service, and as the Sixth while at Santa Rosa and its neighborhood had the advantage of good teaching, both by precept and example, it naturally became steady under fire. Similarly there is no object in enlarging on the hard work, bad food, exposure and general misery inherent on living in the open air and being moved rapidly from place to place regardless of weather. All of these things are in the service contract, and though a man would deserve reprobation for flinching under them, he is not deserving of any especial commendation for cheerfully enduring the inevitable.

G. M.

P R E F A C E .

QUITE a generation ago, as time is reckoned by men, the Republic of the United States of America found itself in this dilemma: Is this government of Federalized States to endure, or is it not? The entire question resolved itself into a construction of the Federal Constitution, and there was no court except that of arms which could render the final decision. And so it was that the two sections which represented the differing elements finally, after much argumentation, in order to decide the vexed question, drew swords and set themselves one against the other after the manner of their Norse, Saxon and Celtic ancestors, to fight it out to the very bitter end, so that, however the question at variance was finally decided, no man could ever revive it.

In pursuance of this final resort of strong manhood, Abraham Lincoln, the then President of the United States, in the early spring of 1861 called for troops wherewith to maintain the authority of the central government of the United States, and to demonstrate to the world the impossibility and illegality of any State of the Union separating itself from the Federal bond.

The call of the President was instantly followed by the tread of armed thousands, and in that time of

strong excitement his requisition could have been four times what it was and have been answered to that extent, if it had not been for the misapprehension of the government as to the weight of the contest to which it had pledged itself.

Naturally, in a country which had been practically at peace for fifty years, and whose existing weight and possible potentiality, joined to its distance from powerful neighbors, had neutralized the inherited combatant spirit of its people, there were many difficulties and many anomalies consequent on raising a great army with a very, numerically speaking, insufficient staff, a body of line officers who were practically selected by themselves, and a very meagre equipment in every way.

In fact, the only favorable point in the situation was the remarkable constitution of the rank and file of this improvised army. Hardened farmers and mechanics, daring adventurers in all sorts of lines, men of high cultivation and wide experience, took arms and ranked up elbow to elbow, and by their lavish expenditure of blood and toil saved the Union. Later it is true, men were acquired by process of purchase, or conscription, and very poor stuff most of them were, but the men who fought the civil war to its bitter end were mostly the volunteers of 1861, 1862 and 1863.

In the original call for troops a considerable levy was of course made on the city of New York. And it is of these troops, and especially of a particular unit of them known on the roars as the Sixth Regiment New York Volunteers, that this record purposes to speak.

The city of New York is rather *sui generis* among

the cities of the United States. It is the most cosmopolitan, the richest, and the most foreign of all of its seaport towns ; but curiously enough it is, when one gets close to its heart, the most American of them all. And so it was at the epoch of the civil war.

New York was Democratic in politics. Cared but little as to whether the negro was kept in servitude or not. Was indifferent as to the various ologies of the day, and yet at the same time was intensely in favor of the maintenance of the Union.

And the city at that time, as always, held a large population who were eminently fitted to back any cause that they fancied, in arms. For the American portion of them had fighting traditions : some of their ancestors had carried a musket under Washington, or swung a cutlass under Paul Jones ; others had stories of service in the Constitution or the States frigates, or of private service under Reid or Ordronaux ; and joined to this, most of the young men of the time were, like most men bred in large cities, of good physique, used to hard work all day, and a somewhat irregular life at night. They were also trained to a certain extent in the old volunteer fire department, and the extant militia regiments, and were generally possessed with the belief that the worst crime possible to a man was that of cowardice.

Out of such material as the above was organized the regiment here mentioned, of whose constituent parts a short analysis is in order before proceeding to an examination of its history.

In the year 1860 there was in the city of New York a man named William Wilson, who at the time represented the first ward of the city as a member of the

Board of Aldermen. Mr. Wilson was in many ways a marked sort of man. As a politician, he had a reputation for perfect fairness, and for having been proved invulnerable to bribery. As a man, he was a daring person of many experiences whose tastes were strongly military. In fact, when President Lincoln's first call for troops was made, he had been for a long time a private, lieutenant, and captain, in the Eighth New York State Militia, at that time a very well-trained organization, and in it Capt. Wilson's company was considered one of the best drilled and commanded. Mr. Wilson, beside being a soldier and a politician, possessed also a statesmanlike instinct and very early in the game foresaw the impending war. Like all New Yorkers of his type he was a Democrat. In fact he couldn't have been an alderman from the first ward unless he had been of that political faith. Also he was not an anti-slavery man; it required two years of bitter fighting to induce the New York city soldier to believe that the abolition of slavery might be at any rate a good military measure. But, outside and above all these details, Mr. Wilson was an honest, valiant man, and a loyal citizen, and foreseeing a contest—on which side whereof he would fight he very easily made up his mind—early in 1861 offered a full regiment to the authorities; and although the times were not then ripe for acceptance of his offer, he had sufficient personal influence and control to, when the call was finally made, raise what was practically the first regiment of the New York Volunteers to be embodied, although owing to delays in mustering, the regiment lost its proper title of the 1st New York Volunteers.

CHAPTER I.

Organization.

As has been said, Colonel Wilson had held himself prepared for war since December, 1860, and had tendered a regiment to the State as early as the 20th of January, 1861, and so it was that, when on April 15th President Lincoln issued his first call for troops to the number of 75,000 men, Colonel Wilson was in condition to at once open a rendezvous at No. 618 Broadway, and by the evening of the 15th to have enrolled 850 men.

Ordinarily, in the early recruitment of volunteer regiments, the men were raised by companies and afterward joined such regiments as were most convenient ; but in the case of the Sixth New York the great bulk of the first enlistments were made directly by Colonel Wilson, who, in the course of his career as politician and militia officer, had won the confidence of a great many available men.

There were some outside companies among them, one lettered as I, and later commanded by Captain Robert Bailey, which came to New York from Paterson, New Jersey, with the intention of joining the Excelsior Brigade at Staten Island, but who changed their minds and enrolled in the Sixth, which, as the first raised battalion, should have had the State

number "1," but from some unexplained reasons, lost that honor. Probably during the early days, when much confusion existed, there might have been some two thousand men enrolled in the Sixth, but many of these men before being mustered were induced to enter other organizations. Still there were men enough and to spare, and so soon as the State formally accepted the regiment it was mustered into service: five companies on April 25th and the remaining five companies one month later.

A great deal of absolutely vicious nonsense was at this time talked and written about the personnel of the Sixth, and the echoes of these falsehoods have not died out even to the present day. It is too late at this time to trace the origin of these stories; probably they had birth in the fertile brain of some sensation-hunting reporter, and as no one took the trouble to controvert them they naturally became stereotyped. Possibly, also, Colonel Wilson, being possessed by that essentially American cynic humor which often finds amusement in wild exaggeration, was rather amused at these reports. However this may be, the fact is that the regiment was most unjustly villified, and so in final contradiction of these slanders it is here proposed to give an analysis of the personnel of the Sixth as originally organized.

First, as to the officers who finally went to the front. Of these gentlemen seven had served in the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, at that time as now considered the first regiment of the National Guard, as well in drill and discipline as in the social status of its members. One officer, Colonel

Wilson, had been a captain in the Eighth Regiment New York State Militia, a regiment which in those days ran the Seventh very hard. Another, Captain R. H. Hazeltine, many years in the grain storage business, a member of the Produce Exchange and the Union League Club, came out of the Seventy-First New York State Militia, which was considered by many judges as equal in all essentials to the Seventh, and which included the noted "Old Guard" company of the present day, then known as "Company A," Seventy-First Regiment New York State Militia. The officers of the Sixth who came to it from the Seventh New York State Militia, were Captain Charles E. Heuberer, a broker, for many years a member of the New York Produce Exchange, and the Union League Club; Captain Robert Bailey, a nephew of Rear-Admiral Bailey, U. S. N., at that time a railway accountant and since the war a bank officer and now a clerk of the United States District Court. Captain William J. Denslow at one time Assistant-Adjutant General of the State of New York, and at present connected with the Clyde line of steamers; (during the war Captain Denslow was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-First Regiment New York Volunteers and breveted colonel for meritorious service), and Captain J. C. Bloomfield. Of lieutenants, there were Thomas J. Robarts, First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, and for a time acting brigade and division quartermaster, to-day connected with a large printing house; First Lieutenant A. D'Orville and Second Lieutenant Glenn Putman.

In addition to the above was First Lieutenant

Richard W. Francis, who came out of the Thirteenth Regiment New York State Militia, a Brooklyn regiment, and who has since been a newspaper editor in the South.

It will be seen that the colonel, one-half of the captains and four lieutenants came from the best, and most self-respecting regiments of the New York militia, and that the survivors of them are to this day well placed and entirely reputable citizens who have demonstrated their ability not only to serve the country in time of war, but to conduct large business enterprises in time of peace. Of the officers who were not taken from the National Guard, or as it was then militia regiments, there were of field officers, Lieutenant-Colonel M. Cassady, an iron founder from Troy, N. Y., who had had militia training, and Major J. W. Burgess. While of Captains were J. H. Dobie, who had held the Queen's commission and seen service in the Crimean war; J. G. McNutt, at present a lawyer and real estate agent in Troy, N. Y., who joined the Sixth from one of the regiments of New York Volunteers; W. B. Kaufman, at present a city office-holder in the tax department of Brooklyn, and H. L. Hoelzle, a merchant tailor.

Among the original lieutenants were First Lieutenant Moore Hanham, a grandson of Captain Hanham of the old regular army, who is now well known in chess circles; Charles C. Wildman, now in the hotel business in the south; Robert Gill, son of a former well known piano manufacturer; and Oliver Mathews whose commission was procured by the influence of Judge Roosevelt, who rose to the rank of lieutenant-

colonel and when he died was an extensive manufacturer.

As for the origin of the men, there was one company, "K," composed mostly of Germans, while the remaining nine companies were of American, German-American and Irish-American extraction, and among them were men of every imaginable profession. There were artists, clerks, lawyers, certainly one doctor, stenographers, and every sort of mechanic. In fact the regiment always labored under the disadvantage of having in its ranks so many trained specialists that its detail for special duty tended to be disproportionately large. In addition to this the Sixth counted among its enlisted men quite a number who had seen service in foreign armies.

Several of the original men of the Sixth have since served in both army and navy; others have become men of wealth and substance in civil life, and generally speaking, so far as known, the present status of the survivors of the Sixth is sufficiently good to be in itself an entire refutation of the fallacious reports mentioned above.

On April 24th, the first five companies were encamped on the old Quarantine ground on Staten Island, and were at once placed under discipline and drill, which gave to their volunteer minds a very strong impression of the responsibilities that they had assumed. At intervals of a few weeks the remaining companies reported and found themselves under the strict rules of the "*lex militarium*," by which the Blue Book becomes a Bible and the regulations of drill a manual of Common Prayer, while at the same

time the impression is forced on the ex-civilian mind that there are differences between men in civil garb and he who wears the blue and brass. For while the first is only amenable to a jury of his peers, the other has no peers who have anything to do in his governance, but only superiors, ranging from corporals up to secretaries of war, presidents and such functionaries, who are in their turn only the servants of the nation at large.

Companies A, B, C, D, E, having been mustered and sworn into service on the 25th of April, 1861, (immediately following the formal acceptance of the regiment by the State, of date of April 24th,) the remaining companies—F, G, H, I and K—came into camp, and after some delays were finally mustered on the 25th May. The original commissions of officers being dated April 30th.

June 15th, the regiment packed its kit and formed up to march to the ferry-boat en route for New York. While these evolutions were in progress a very pretty refutation was given to the current newspaper slurs about the character of the Sixth, by the ladies of Staten Island, who, of all fortunes and positions, vied one with the other in garlanding the column, so that the stalwart men in the ranks had bouquets in their musket muzzles, and the officers and file closers were puzzled to find buttonholes in which to place their floral trophies. So, flower-adorned, and with multitudinous wishes for good speed and good luck behind them, the Sixth came up to New York on the old steamer Maryland, with the bright bay, the green shores, the smokes of houses and factories, all saying,

"You may not exactly see it, but this is all worth fighting for."

Appreciating heartily such manifestations of regard the gallant Sixth came to town in a satisfied frame of mind, especially as General (then Colonel) W. B. Franklin, U. S. A., had notified its colonel that under instructions from Colonel Townsend, Chief of General Winfield Scott's staff, and, by designation of the Governor of the State, the regiment had been assigned for especial duty, and that he personally was pleased to receive said orders and assignment, as he "fully believed that no regiment from the State is better fitted for going on this expedition, on account of its discipline and good spirit."*

Arrived at New York, the regiment was marched to No. 63 Clinton Place, where the Reverend S. H. Weston, then, and to the time of his death, Chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, New York State Militia, addressed the battalion in fervent and patriotic language, antecedent to the presentation of the United States colors at the hands of Mrs. George Strong, on behalf of the ladies of the City of New York. Col. Wilson replied to address and presentation in appropriate terms.

[The following are from minutes taken at the time.]

"The Sixth Regiment arrived from Staten Island, at the foot of 14th Street, New York, and proceeded through 14th Street and Fifth Avenue to No. 63 Clinton Place, where a magnificent silk

* For full text of this order see Appendix No. 1.

banner was to be presented by the ladies of the relief committee. On arriving at the house the men were disposed in line, the officers in front, and surrounded by a large concourse of people.

“Rev. S. H. WESTON, Chaplain of the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, accompanied by Mrs. GEORGE STRONG, who held the banner, proceeded to present it in the following speech :

ADDRESS OF DOCTOR WESTON.

“*Fellow Soldiers* :—I say fellow soldiers, for we are all comrades in this holy war. I have been requested by the fair donors to address to you a few words on the presentation of this flag. I trust you appreciate this beautiful flag as thoroughly as I do being allowed the honor of participating in this interesting ceremony. Fellow soldiers, this standard of our beloved country is committed to your care. It is a precious charge, for it is an emblem of your country's integrity and renown. See to it then that these stars ever float over your heads as bright and pure as those above. If you come back victorious, which God grant, a grateful people will know how to honor the brave, and hail your return with thunders of applause. The eyes of the whole people will be upon you. The lovers of freedom in all lands will watch the strife with tearful eyes and beating hearts. This flag is the exponent of liberty ; the hope of humanity. Every thread in that flag has a tongue eloquent of human liberty and reminds you of the priceless legacy bequeathed to you by your

fathers, every stitch is eloquent of canonized Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown. They adjure you by the memories of your heroic sires, by their suffering, toil and blood, not to suffer it to be dishonored. The ring of your battle-cry will be louder and clearer, your hearts firmer, your arms stronger, when it leads you on. But I adjure you, comrades, in the soldier do not forget the Christian and the man; war too often appeals to the worst passions of our nature, and tends to deaden the sensibilities, brutalize the heart, and make even the compassionate cruel. In the heat then of victorious fight, ever remember mercy. Be a magnanimous enemy in the hour of triumph—you may disdain to ask quarter for yourselves, but never refuse it to a suppliant or prostrate foe. Let no wanton cruelty stain the laurels you may win. Imitate the great Captain when about to rush into a great conflict; you can remember it, "Oh my God, if I forget you this day, do not forget me." Pray then yourselves, and dear ones at home will pray for you. And now God be with you, and bear your shield and buckler against all your foes, temporal or spiritual, and return to your homes conquerors for humanity's sake, your country's sake, conquerors for Christ's sake, AMEN."

"Colonel WILSON received the banner from the hands of Mrs. GEORGE STRONG, and carrying it into the ranks, gave it into the hands of the color-sergeant, then returned to the front of the steps, both of them grasping the banner of liberty. The Colonel seemed deeply affected, and his utterance was

choked for some time. His wife stood on the steps regarding him with tearful emotion. At length he summoned courage and spoke as follows :

REPLY OF COLONEL WILSON.

"I can hardly speak ; utterance has been taken from me. When I see my wife, when I see the ladies of New York City who have done so much for our cause, I have to say of that flag, that I love it better than my wife or child : better than I love her, my wife, do I love the honor of that flag. For my God first, for my country next, and for my family next. (Cheers.) I have sacrificed everything except my God for that flag, (cheers), and I do believe as enthusiastically as did the men who went to Palestine to fight, that the man who fights for that flag although he dies, dies holy and fighting for the Almighty, (enthusiastic cheering). I feel this in my heart ; I can hardly speak, for I know not what I had to say, but what I do say I say from my heart and it is as God directs me. This is a war for the intelligence, for the freedom of the world, not for this country alone. It is a war to protect women and children, that the liberties of the people may be protected in spite of aristocrats or traitors, (cheers). I love my wife and child second to my flag, which I am ready to defend and die for (cheers). The ladies of New York, God bless them, for they are Heaven born angels, they have proved Heaven born angels to me to bless and protect the poor traveller as he passes through the world. My men are such men as guarded the liberty of this country, such as

those who protected the liberties of England, and made the king sign magna charta ; (cheers) they are such men as made Rome a republic, and fought for liberty in France, (cheers). They are the sons of Abraham, who went forth to fight the Philistines. I love that flag (pointing to the banner) and though I go upon the torrid sandy beach of Pensacola, and die there, though I go on the plains of Texas, it matters not. If I go to Virginia and gain renown, it is well ; but wherever we are told to go, we will go there, as long as it is for the honor and perpetuity of the flag, the freedom of the world, and the protection of the beautiful City of New York. (Tremendous cheering). That man (pointing to the standard bearer) will carry that flag and when he goes another will carry it who will not be afraid of ten thousand traitors, (cheers), and when he dies every man will jump to grasp that flag, (cheers). Ladies, I thank you from the inmost recesses of my heart, and I express every feeling in full of my gallant officers, and my devoted and patriotic men. (Loud applause)."

After the presentation, the regiment, in platoon fronts, in full strength, attired in their gray jackets furnished by the State which were of the very worst sort of shoddy cloth, marched down Broadway with a brass band at the head and a double line of packed and cheering sidewalks on the flanks, to Pier No. 1, North River, and from there were transferred by tug to the steamer "Vanderbilt" then lying in the stream.

The city had been by this time accustomed to bodies of troops arriving from the North and East,

daily marching through Broadway; but this was a *city regiment*, its name was a city name, and its officers and men were mostly city men. This was apparent when, arriving at the wharf, they were met by all sorts and conditions of people bearing gifts of food and other things to make them comfortable on a sea voyage; and after the men were taken from the tugs on board the vessel the myriads of small boats around her made quite a lively picture. Many pathetic scenes were witnessed which have never been forgotten. Many a man on board that day—young, well, hearty—never returned from the Southern lands. But, on both sides, those who remained at home and those who departed, believed that their duty led them on, and were content.

CHAPTER II.

Voyage to Santa Rosa Island, Florida.

The "Vanderbilt, then a side-wheel steamer (and now, under the name of the "Three Brothers," a clipper ship of the largest size), was in her day the biggest, finest and fastest of ocean steamers, and her owner, Commodore Vanderbilt, at a later date presented her to the government as the most efficient vessel extant. Such being the quality of the craft, the Sixth was spared the countless miseries which befell other unhappy battalions whom an errant fate sent wandering down the Atlantic Coast in all sorts and kinds of unseaworthy and over-crowded ships. On the contrary, the "Vanderbilt" was big enough for several regiments, so that the officers had each and several a state-room, and the berth-deck was so free that a seasick man could be wretched privately and alone without obtruding his woes on the attention of more fortunate friends.

And so, on June 15th, the "Vanderbilt" got up her anchor and steamed down the bay, through the narrows and out to sea. Vanished the docks and chimneys of New York, next the green hills of Staten Island, and, finally, even low Sandy Hook got itself out of sight; and, as the big ship, with her nose pointed South, began to pitch into the seas and to

roll herself playfully, a great many members of the Sixth began to wish that their military service had not been prefaced by a sea voyage, and to be of the opinion that a bullet through the brain, or a bayonet in the stomach, would be a pleasant boon as compared with a really sharp turn of seasickness.

However, the "Vanderbilt" didn't care; her head was pointed South, and Colonel Wilson and the Captain of the ship read the sealed orders, and knew that Fort Pickens was the bound port of the voyage.

And a very funny voyage it was, when one thinks of it at this distance of time; for, after passing by Capes Charles and Henry, the whole shore—and that the shore of one's own country—was absolutely hostile; buoys removed, and a rebel bayonet ready to welcome the shipwrecked mariner at every turn. Still the ship paddled steadily on past the Cape, past Hatteras, past St. Augustine, then an old Spanish Minorcan town, with an odd old-fashioned coquina fort and a singularly hideous cathedral for sole attractions, and now with an amount of money invested in one single hotel that would in '61 well nigh have bought the fee-simple of the State.

And then around Canaveral, and by Key West, "lapped in the warm washings of the Gulf," up to Santa Rosa, where the big ship let go her anchor on the outside of the Island, and landed the regiment in varied conditions of moistness consequent on the differing abilities of the crews of the ship's boats in the way of surf navigation. Finally, the battalion scrambled ashore and was greeted by its advance guard, sent before to prepare the site of the camp. This party, in order to avoid sand-blindness, had

covered the blazing ground with pine boughs, and its members had also taken unto themselves beautiful sunburns, blistered and skinned, as an evidence of what the sun's rays can achieve in a Florida June on Northern-born skins.

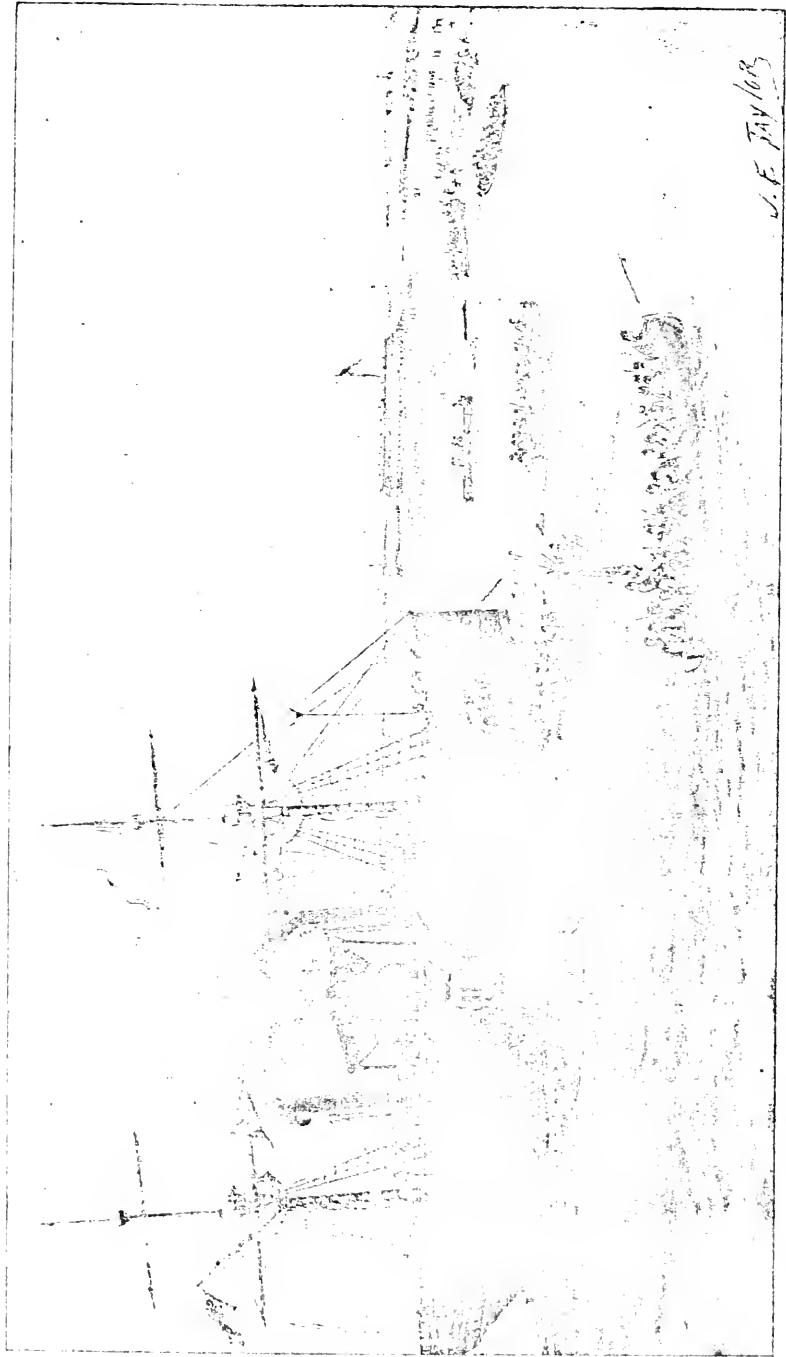
So soon as the tents were pitched, the company streets were shaded with arbors of branches, and it was these shelters which had become dry that made it so easy to fire the camp at the time of the attack, October 9th, 1861.

The voyage had been as comfortable as a sea voyage in a transport can possibly be; but, nevertheless, it proved too hard for one unfortunate, private Patrick Lynes, of Captain Heuberer's company who sought a haven of rest in the sea. With this exception the regiment endured its voyage perfectly well and landed in good health, as the sanitation of the ship and the proper details for guard and police duty under the officers of the day had been regularly made, and the discipline of the service properly enforced.

Also, the regimental goat, "Billy," notwithstanding his having been fed on a diet composed of fine cut tobacco and sea biscuit, landed in full butting condition. By the way, in this connection it is well to mention that this goat which, like Captain Powers' father in Charley O'Malley, "cared little for shot and shell, still less for death or danger," remained for a long time the pride and glory of the regiment, and, as seven cities claimed Homer as a citizen, so nearly all of the survivors of the Sixth claim the genesis of "Billy." So far as can be at this date ascertained he

was probably acquired surreptitiously, but, at the same time, he was a goat to be remembered. It may be further stated that this goat went through more than two years' service, always with the regiment, often carried in wagons when showing fatigue, and at the time of the regiment's return to New York, his neck and horns were decorated with ribbons and he marched up Broadway as proudly as any of the command.





J. F. Taylor

SIXTH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS REINFORCING FORT PICKENS, FLA., JUNE, 1861.

CHAPTER III.

Santa Rosa and who we found there.

By the 26th of June the regiment had got through its preliminary miseries. It had been wetted in the surf, it had waded through the loose sand, and it had established itself in an orthodox regulation camp one mile east of Fort Pickens. Column of companies right in front, officers line on the right, color line on the left, and all accessories in regulation shape. Also the regiment had reported to Harvey Brown, Esq., Colonel of the Fifth United States Artillery, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army, and in comand of the Department of the Gulf. Now General Brown aforesaid was an old timer, "of the old army, sir," not very tall, and rather slender, but straight, and rigid, with a positive stubby grey moustache outlining a firm mouth. Hard in discipline, upright, and honorable in character, and possessed entirely of the idea that the service comes first, and everything else second. Naturally Colonel Brown loathed volunteers. In fact he didn't know anything about them, and one of the best claims of the Sixth to merit is, that by dint of good conduct, and high military spirit, it actually overcame the born and set prejudices of this fine old gentleman and soldier, and finally won his

approval ; which, be it here remarked, is as near an approach to a miracle as anything yet recorded in the annals of the United States.

In those days Santa Rosa Island was an absolutely regular-army post. It had been held against the first tentatives of the Confederates by its small artillery garrison, which had been reinforced early in the war by troops brought down on the United States Steamer Powhatan, at the time when Mr. Lincoln took matters in his own hand, and, without consulting his secretaries, ordered admiral, then Lieutenant Porter, to, as it were, surreptitiously, purloin the Powhatan, and relieve beleagured Fort Pickens.* As the regular army at that time was decidedly short of men, and long of officers, the staff of the department in those days was full in numbers, and of unusual qualities.

Although this is a history of the adventures and services of a volunteer regiment, it seems eminently proper in this place to give a few sketches of the personnel and characters of the accomplished gentlemen and officers who at that time made up the staff at Fort Pickens.

At the head of General Brown's staff and second in rank among the regular officers, was Major Israel Vogdes of the first United States Artillery, a steady, severe, eccentric, and thoroughly conscientious veteran. Next came Horace Brooks, Lewis G. Arnold and Z. B. Tower, all destined to win spurs on wider and bloodier fields than those afforded by Santa Rosa Island. And of the then youngsters there were—how death has thinned their ranks—of

* See Appendix No. 2.

engineers, MacFarland, only lately dead in the full strength of his distinguished professional abilities, and Godfrey Weitzel, who went from lieutenant to brigadier and showed his ability as a separate commander in one short year's time. Besides these, there were the gunners, and a very distinguished lot they were, and very good friends we found them, always ready to fraternize socially, and always ready to explain any knotty point of discipline, papers, or regulation. It was in fact a singularly strong staff, when one considers that on it was Barry, afterward a major-general of artillery who handled the guns for both McClellan and Sherman; staunch old James M. Robinson of horse-battery fame; A. C. M. Pennington, horse-gunner, cavalry-man, good soldier, and good fellow always, and everywhere. H. W. Closson, one of the regiment's best friends, and a chief of artillery of high repute. L. L. Langdon, now by good fortune still on duty, and a colonel of artillery. Dear Frank Taylor beloved by everybody. Hildt, General Hancock's trusted aid. Duryea, Chalfin, Shipley, Jackson, Larned, Gibbs, of after cavalry fame; Seeley, who was adjutant-general of the department. Heaton, Ramsay, Duer, and all the rest, all worthy of affectionate reminiscence.

In this place it is proper to note the adventures of Company B and Company E, which in June were ordered to Fort Jefferson on the Dry Tortugas; and Company A, which on the 29th August was sent to Key West.

The detail of these companies was in a way unfortunate, as it depleted the regiment and deprived

the detailed companies of the advantages to be derived from the close association which is so essential to regimental life. But on the other hand, these companies were given the educational advantages of the closest possible association with very good regular soldiers. And very good these latter were. They were regulars of the old army, two or three enlistment men, men whose lives had been devoted to the service, and whose whole existence had been military. Hardened veterans, who had marched, only ten thousand strong, under Scott, from Vera Cruz to Mexico, breaking to pieces and trampling under foot all opposition. Men who had protected the frontier settlements, and the train routes across the plains against the Indians, until they had, besides being highly trained regulars, become adept frontiersmen; and besides, and above all, these old-timers had imbibed such an intense devotion to flag and country, that at the time of the Twiggs surrender in Texas these loyal men, deserted by most of their officers, resisted and declined every offer of rank and pay made by the Confederate agents, and brought away their faith and honor untarnished.

These men were a *mélange* of Americans, Germans and Irishmen, but all of them by dint of hard service under cultivated officers had become men whose religion was the flag and their orders, and who were letter perfect in the details of drill, discipline and cleanliness.

Contact with these people inspired the Sixth with an intense spirit of rivalry. As the regulars with polished arms and accoutrements, marched and bore

themselves, so the men of the Sixth aspired to do, and it was not long before the regular adjutants began to find, when guards were mounted and orderlies were to be selected from the cleanest and most soldierly men of the detail, that a Sixth man was eligible about as often as a regular. In fact, the regular officers soon began to be unable to tell the difference between their own people and the men of the Sixth. On one occasion even that very gallant and competent artillerist, Captain, now Colonel, Loomis L. Langdon walking around the works of Jefferson, wanted to wager, against the statement of Lieutenant William J. Denslow of the Sixth, that private Thomas Smith of that regiment, who was pacing his sentry beat, was a regular, and only an inspection of cap letters could convince the West Pointer. Besides all this instruction in the duties of the infantry soldier, the men of the Sixth, both at Pickens, Jefferson and Key West, were turned into well-drilled heavy artillery. They worked side by side with the regulars in ordnance duty, and their officers were placed on rosters for officers of the day or guard, courts-martial and the like details, until, after a few months, it was impossible to tell one man's performance from another's, and the utmost cordiality and friendship maintained.

In fact, so much credit did the Sixth, officers and men, win, that at Fort Jefferson, Lieutenant William J. Denslow, of Company B, was ordered to the duty of post adjutant and post ordnance officer for the entire garrison; the latter billet being a most important one, as Fort Jefferson was in those days the ordnance depot for the entire department, and was

filled with powder, shot, shell and small stores appertaining to that corps.

July 16th, a further process of disintegration set in which, although flattering for the officers and men selected for detail, was not conducive to the best interests of the regiment; for there is nothing more axiomatic in military affairs than that the more a regiment is kept together under its own officers and acting as a unit, the better regiment it is likely to be. However, an order was issued, and Company G, commanded by Captain J. H. Dobie, was again detached to Battery Lincoln, one of the newly-established out-works of Fort Pickens.

A little later, August 8th, Company I, Captain Robert Bailey, went temporarily out of its proper regimental fold and found an habitation at Battery Cameron, another newly-established outpost of Fort Pickens.

August 29th, the draft on the Sixth was still further intensified by the detail of Company A, Captain J. W. Burgess, for duty at Key West, a position which might have been perfectly occupied and held by one converted freight steamer in the harbor, with a sergeant's guard of marines on shore for police duty.

During all this time the Sixth was getting somewhat used to, and day by day more disgusted with, Santa Rosa and the surroundings thereof. Santa Rosa Island is one of the multitudinous outlying sandbars which fence our coast from Long Island to the mouth of the Rio Grande. The character of these sand islands is all alike. The wash from the shore brings down silt; the heave of the ocean raises

up sand ; and when the conflicting forces meet and neutralize one another a deposit of material is effected which in time becomes an island, always shifting and being washed, but integrally the same island, separated from its neighbors by inlets where the land and sea waters meet, and which continually alter and change their position and depth.

In the north these sand islands are barren of all things vegetable, except perhaps a little bent grass, but in the far south the tropical suns and rains assert their power, and these outlying sand ridges carry more or less of growth. So Santa Rosa Island, lying in the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico, showed a good deal of scrub, and at its eastern end some trees. Besides this, in its lagoons, the island possessed alligators, and in its sand there were infinite sand fleas of a disagreeable personality, chameleon lizards rather entertaining than otherwise, and a lively population of moccason and rattle snakes. Add to this the fact that the water, being sea water filtered through the sand, was productive of intestinal troubles, and that the sun glared alike on white sand and blue water, and which ever one of them a man looked upon his tired eyes wished that he had looked upon the other, it is easy to see that the lines of the Sixth were not all together cast in pleasant places, and that a position in a good brigade in a marching army, engaged in active operations, would have been far preferable to such a military monastery as was Santa Rosa Island in 1861. However the Sixth grinned and bore it. It growled, but it went. Drill and duty went on steadily with markedly good results and in the intervals men picked up such amusements as

offered themselves, and very stupid ones they were—in fact the regimental goat and his antics were perhaps the most interesting subjects of conversation in those days.

Dismal as Santa Rosa was as a residence it had in those times a great national importance, for Santa Rosa Island not only covers but forms the harbor of Pensacola, and on it is a fortification called Fort Pickens, then a work of large pretensions, which having been originally constructed to keep hostile fleets away from the town and naval establishments at Pensacola, was in 1861, alas for the change, devoted to keeping our erring brethren on the mainland from getting free access to the open sea.

Now the astute statesmen and soldiers who formed the first Confederate Congress which met at Montgomery, Alabama, early in 1861, had promptly recognized the importance of Santa Rosa Island, and as soon as possible when they had in hand a certain number of men, called by courtesy soldiers, they ordered Mr. Braxton Bragg (hero of the lie, of a "little more grape Captain Bragg"), to take these unorganized armed citizens down to Pensacola, and to seize the navy yard, the stores, and also Santa Rosa Island.

This programme of the Montgomery Congress was partially carried out. Ex-Captain Bragg got his people in motion (how his martinet soul must have been outraged by the military performances of his host,) and easily seized the Pensacola Navy Yard, with ordnance and other stores of much value, and also Forts McRae and Barrancas, which secured the shore side of the harbor. Then Bragg aforesaid,

essayed for Fort Pickens; but Fort Pickens had a garrison, while the other works were each held by an ordnance-sergeant and his family. Now this garrison consisted of a simple company of the United States Artillery, commanded by a faithful stalwart lieutenant called Adam Slemmer. Lieutenant Slemmer had been in command at Barrancas, but like an astute man, and good soldier, he had smelt the coming trouble, and in order to hold his position to the last had early withdrawn his little garrison to Fort Pickens, and put a wide breadth of bay between himself and his enemy.

Easily as Bragg had occupied Pensacola, he felt that an attempt to cross the bay and carry Fort Pickens, in the face of a small regular garrison commanded by a resolute man, would, to the unorganized troops then under his command, be a hard task. Therefore, he hesitated, organized, drilled and wasted his time, until President Lincoln (as before stated) took the bull by the horns and reinforced the port on his own proper responsibility.

During all this time there had been many exchanges of flags and protocols, but there hadn't been any fighting; and, as it fell out, the first shot fired during the Santa Rosa campaign, and the first bellicose shot ever heard by the Sixth, was fired by Jacob H. Theberath, of Company I, from battery Cameron. The occasion was this. The Confederates had equipped and commissioned a vessel, and with her contemplated a raid into the Gulf. Colonel Brown being woefully short of ammunition at the time, and recognizing the fact that while there were on the enemy's side of the bay 18,000 so-called soldiers, his

garrison only numbered 1,500, was desirous of being let alone; but still he had notified the parties of the second part that if this vessel tried to put to sea she would be fired at. The event worked itself out. The vessel aforesaid did, on August 25th, in the evening, try to go outside. The word was given, and Sergeant Theberath promptly hove a shot over her forecastle, which caused her to drop sail and quickly retire to her original anchorage.

During the hot July days of 1861, which were also hot in Virginia, General Irwin MacDowell fought and lost that "blessing in disguise," called by our side the battle of "Bull Run," and by the Confederates the battle of "Manassas." Naturally "our friends, the enemy," were much elated, and fearing probably that the Santa Rosa garrison would be left in ignorance of such an interesting historical event, they in the early days of August, sailed a couple of toy boats over the bay. These vessels were loaded with letters and papers addressed to Col. Wilson, and which narrated in glowing colors MacDowell's utter rout, the demoralization of the North and the impending triumph of the Confederacy. All of which information did not particularly affect Col. Wilson, or the Sixth, any more than did a similar but more virulent communication detailing in a blood-curdling way the near-by fate of the Sixth. This epistle was sent in a bottle attached to the neck of a dog which was probably thrown overboard from some scouting row-boat and perforce compelled to swim to the beach, where arrived the poor beast naturally sought human companionship. No one was disturbed



BATTERY CAMERON, SANTA ROSA, I.A.

by any of these missives, but men did wonder why the rebels should have imbibed such a mortal hatred to the Sixth, which, up to that time, had not had the opportunity to do them any harm. Possibly, and in fact, probably, however, the evident prejudice against the Sixth, entertained by the enemy, was due to the lies printed by our own newspapers, who at that time vied with one another in such defamations.

About this time Mr. L. B. Gillett, a Northern man who had been acting as agent for the Adams and Southern Express Company, with several companions, male and female, white and colored, got possession of a row-boat and crossed the bay, being precursors of the infinite army of people who got tired of the Confederacy, and in various ways left that beneficent fold.

In those August days while everybody on Santa Rosa were in a state of physical torture and bad temper from the heat, sand fleas and mosquitoes, a very gallant feat of arms relieved the monotony of the situation and gave everybody something to talk about. The occasion was as follows: when Pensacola Navy Yard was abandoned, among its "plant" was a large floating dry-dock, big enough to float a frigate, and Gen. Bragg, concluding that if the ships kept him from sending a vessel to sea, he could by sinking the dock in the narrow channel off Fort McRae, estop the ships from entering the bay; so he had the dock pumped dry and floated out in the bay in waiting for a good opportunity to tow it down and sink it. This scheme would doubtless have been

soon carried out but Col. Brown had divined Bragg's purpose, and on the 2d of September it was efficiently frustrated by boat expedition of a dozen selected regulars, under Lieut. A. E. Shipley, U. S. A., who boarded the dock in good style, placed live shells on its floor, and retired without loss, although the pieces of their own exploding shells made their position very warm as they rowed away. The dock took fire from the shells, and made to all on-lookers a very picturesque one-and-one-half million dollar conflagration.

September 21, Company G, Captain James H. Dobie, was ordered to Battery Lincoln, still further depleting the force with the colors, so that, on September 23, with the battle of Santa Rosa Island in the near future, there were only five companies together, numbering, by the consolidated morning report of that date, only fourteen officers and 232 enlisted men for duty, a very slim showing. But it must be remembered that, by this time, the commandant and his staff had discovered that the Sixth was really a regiment of artisans, and had increased the special duty details, so that an undue number of rank and file, instead of carrying muskets, were employed as clerks and mechanics.

In the traditions of the old navy, there were many cases where young officers had won their spurs by so-called "cutting out" expeditions, where a force in row boats assails, usually at night, some vessel which could not otherwise be attacked, and essays to carry her "by the board," and clear her decks with pike,

cutlass, and pistol. These affairs were considered as the most desperate actions in which men could be engaged, as the advantage of position was decidedly on the side of the defense, and the attack, if successful, properly gave great honor to the assailants. Among such attacks, that of Decatur, on the frigate "Philadelphia," in Tripoli harbor, in the early part of the century, had become a watchword in the service, and every ambitious young officer had, through the entire history of the navy, seized every opportunity to engage in such duty. Of this species of naval warfare the Sixth saw a very good instance, when, on September 13th, 1861, Lieut. (now rear-admiral, retired) John H. Russell, U. S. N., with a detail of officers and men attacked and carried the Confederate vessel "Judah," fully armed and equipped, and under cover of batteries and infantry.

This cutting-out expedition was commanded by Lieut. John H. Russell, with the first launch of the "Colorado" with thirty-nine men, and following him came the first cutter under Lieut. Sproston with eighteen men, the second cutter Lieut. Blake with twenty-six men, the third cutter under Midshipman Steece with seventeen men.

The plan was for Sproston and Steece to attack the Navy Yard, while Russell and Blake were to carry the schooner "Judah," which was armed with a thirty-two pounder amidships, and several smaller pieces in broadside, and which was manned by a full crew of a hundred men. The plan in this case was carried out perfectly. The boats with muffled oars pulled in quietly without recognition; Sproston and Steece

landed in the Yard and spiked two pieces which bore on the "Judah." Russell and Blake in the meanwhile boarded the vessel under heavy fire (for her crew had promptly manned her guns), and carried her.

During this time the enemy had rallied, and to the number of a thousand were opening a heavy fire of musketry on the attacking party. Notwithstanding the fire, the Union sailors were steadfast. They got a couple of boat howitzers to bear and raked the Navy Yard with canister ; they answered the infantry fire, and they finally rowed away leaving the "Judah" in flames, and bearing with them nearly one quarter of the attacking force dead or wounded, thus having illustrated still again the discipline and courage of the United States Navy, as shown in countless battles, exploits and disasters at sea for a century past.

While recounting the heroism of the navy, it seems a proper time to mention the perils and dangers to which the "boats crews" composed of soldiers of the Sixth, on Santa Rosa Island were exposed. Transport vessels had to anchor in the Gulf, there being no wharf or pier on the island ; troops, stores, horses and cattle were landed in boats, or put overboard, and towed, or washed, or swim to the shore. The duty was hazardous, and many brave deeds in rescuing life and property were performed. Among the "boats crews" now recalled, privates William Knappmann and James B. Tooker were two of the most daring ; as part compensation their work in this line often procured these men many dainties.

BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA, FLA., OCTOBER 9, 1861.

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CHAPTER IV.

Battle of Santa Rosa Island.

OCTOBER 8th, 1861, found in camp, one mile east of Fort Pickens, Companies C, Captain R. H. Hazeltine; D, Captain Duffy; F, Lieutenant Jacob Silloway; H, Captain Charles E. Heuberer, and K. Captain H. L. Hoelzle, being a total of some fourteen officers, and two hundred and twenty muskets, such being the strength to which bad water, hot suns, and an inconsiderate system of details and detachments had reduced the regiment.* The camp was an ordinary infantry one, the company streets running east and west, and the color line (on the east side of the camp) north and south. The ordinary camp guard, and its sentinels were on duty, and a-half mile east of the camp was an outpost line, the whole of this part of the affair being commanded by Lieutenant Moore Hanham, of Company H, afterward a major of colored troops.

The day wore through peacefully enough, but was destined to be succeeded by a hot and lurid night, for Bragg, finally goaded into action by his government and newspapers, had selected the evening of the 8th, as the proper date on which to dispose of the Sixth, storm Fort Pickens, and hoist whatever

* See Appendix No. 3.

provisional Confederate flag he might be fighting under, over the remains of Colonel Brown, his works, and his force.

Desiring a surprise, General Bragg, determined to make his crucial effort after dark. This was an error on his part, by the way ; night attacks ought only to be confided to the most veteran of veterans, as, on such occasions it is so easy for the shirker to trip and fall, to get lost, to dig a hole for himself, or in fact to do a multitude of things calculated to relieve him from the necessity of fighting. However, Bragg so ordained matters, and having in hand plenty of men who had undergone more or less of discipline and drill, he selected two thousand five hundred of the best fitted of them to make what the Spaniards call an "en camisado" with probably the idea that if the pick of his force could only hustle the Sixth into Pickens, he could, on the next day, cross enough more of men over the bay to force Colonel Brown into a surrender.

Thus thinking, and having selected his troops, and General Anderson to command them, General Bragg sent his troops over the bay, and by one o'clock in the morning of the 9th October had gotten one thousand five hundred of them on shore, about one mile to the east of the camp of the Sixth, leaving about as many more on board of the steamer and towed flat boats which constituted his flotilla.

These troops formed themselves into three columns, whereof one was destined to turn the left of the Sixth by the shore of the bay, another to turn the right of the camp by way of the beach on the Gulf side, while the centre column was meant to attack in front,

and overwhelm the camp of the Sixth with its forward rush. The whole plan was a very pretty one from a theoretic standpoint, but in a practical military way it would likely have been better to have kept the troops together and rushed the Sixth camp in a mass. A dark night is bewildering, and the less complication a commander introduces into his scheme on such occasions the better. If carried out in all its details this attack would have resulted in the demolition of this portion of the regiment, for, the more steadfastly it resisted the attack in front, the more time would have been given to the flanking columns to close in on the rear, so that eventually the battalion would have been circled with fire and steel.

At 2.30 A. M., October 9th, the enemy's skirmish line crept up on the advance picket line of the Sixth and bayoneted some of them before the alarm was given. Then some of the pickets fired their muskets, the Confederates likewise opened, and the camp was alarmed. The long roll was beaten, and the Sixth formed up on its color line under Col. Wilson, while the remainder of the picket force came slowly, fighting steadily, in retreat, with the enemy fairly on top of them firing rapidly and yelling after their own fashion.

When the shock finally came, the odds were too great for the Sixth to sustain, and so it came about that three companies, under command of Colonel Wilson, fell back in the direction of Fort Pickens in good order, rallying from time to time and firing steadily. These companies, so soon as they had established themselves under cover of the works,

were in condition to promptly advance in pursuit of the enemy. This course, on the part of Colonel Wilson, was militarily correct, and theoretically the best plan would probably have been to have retired the battalion in mass to the Gulf side of Fort Pickens so as to unmask its guns, and so when the impact of the attack should have been checked, to have made a counter charge on the enemy's left, which, if assisted by an application of force on his right, would probably have settled the business then and there. In fact, it would have been a miniature battle of Dresden, as fought by the first Napoleon, with a fortress for a centre and an active force on each flank. As it occurred, however, the fact was that while Col. Wilson and his three companies fell back on Fort Pickens, Captains Heuberer and Hazeltine didn't feel like retreating, and so, keeping their companies in hand, they retired a short distance to the right of the camp and forming up sternly with their backs to the Gulf prepared to fight it out on that line. This little force numbered a scant hundred muskets and was under the further disadvantage, if charged in front of being driven into the Gulf, if kept long in its then position of being attacked in flank by the left or Gulf side column of the enemy. However, this latter organization was opportunely checked by a valiant invalid of the Sixth, private Scott of Company C, who, true to his fighting name, when he heard the firing, came out from his hospital cot, found a musket and promptly slew the Confederate leader, so that, confused by the darkness and their leader killed, this part of the enemy halted and precious time was gained. Meantime, the Confederate centre column,

having occupied the camp of the Sixth, halted in the full light of the burning camp, and did several curious things. First they formed up in line and fired several wonderfully well-ordered volleys, then they for some unknown reason formed a square; why this was done no man knows—perhaps it was in order to keep their men together—perhaps from a vague idea that Colonel Brown had a regiment of cavalry somewhere—in a bomb proof perhaps, or in his breeches pockets, and that the square was the proper formation in which to receive them. Anyway the square was formed, and before it formed and while it was forming and afterward, the companies of Hazeltine and Heuberger on somewhat higher ground than the camp, waxed hotter and hotter as the fight went on, and looking out of their surrounding darkness into the light of the blazing camp, so smote the enemy with continuous musketry, that many men went down killed or wounded, and many another man probably wished in his inmost soul that he had never “loved a country.”

After this sort of thing had gone on long enough for Companies H and C of the Sixth to have expended two or three thousand rounds of ammunition, the enemy suddenly became tired. He hadn't captured Fort Pickens—he hadn't even gobbled the Sixth—and he was very much disgusted at the steady fire of Companies H and C. Suddenly blew the bugle of retreat, and like a vanishing mist the grey and butternut ranks took themselves out of the light of the camp fires, and into the friendly shades of the night, with a rain of abandoned muskets and bowie knives besprinkling the sand as they went.

By this time, Major Vogdes and Captain Hildt

had brought up some companies of regulars. That portion of the Sixth which had been retired by Colonel Wilson also came back, and the whole force cheering and firing, tore through the underbrush, and stumbled over the sand hills in a lively pursuit, which lasted until the graybacks found refuge in their transports. During this pursuit some prisoners were bagged, but the retreat of the enemy was too precipitate to admit of much business in this line. One single field battery could have disabled the towing steamer, and so captured or annihilated the entire command, but there was no field battery at hand. The fact seems to be that Colonel Brown hardly realized that his position had been attempted until the whole affair was ended. There was a field battery in Pickens, there were officers and men to fight the same, and horses to move it, but somebody blundered and so Bragg's people got away considerably demoralized, having lost a quantity of arms and some four hundred men, and when the sun rose over Santa Rosa Island the Sixth became conscious that it had had a sharp fight, had won a tidy victory, and that the greater part of its baggage had been burned. During the pursuit a steamer came over from Pensacola with reinforcements, but Company I, Captain Robert Bailey, opened from battery Cameron, and the enemy promptly turned around and sought shelter.

In this connection it is fair to Col. Brown to state that, although he did not remember his field battery, he did bethink him of the fact that he had under his control an armed transport steamer, called the "McClellan," which vessel belonged to the quartermaster's department. The "McClellan" had a bat-

tery of sufficient power to have, with her light draught of water, enabled her to get into a position outside of the beach, from which she could probably have driven away the Confederate steamers and so have isolated the men not yet embarked.

But here again came in the general stupidity of the superior management of this eminently "soldier's battle," for when the captain of the "McClellan" tried to obey his orders he was signalled from the frigate "Potomac" to tow that vessel into position, and in trying to handle this heavy, old sailing ship, he lost so much precious time that the enemy had made good their retreat before the batteries of the ships could be brought to bear.

In this affair the regiment had behaved extremely well. It had been overpowered and unsupported and it had not been stampeded or broken. A portion of it had retired under orders in good condition and had advanced again without hesitation when the rally was made; while as stated Heuberer's and Hazeltine's companies had fought the battle out to the end without material change of their original positions. Still the regiment had suffered heavily; it had lost a number of good men and it had nearly all its property destroyed, and was reduced for some time afterward to various queer shifts to provide for its wants. In fact as the supplies at the post were low some ingenious men hunted alligators for their hides for shoe leather, while others showed much tailoring skill in patching and revamping damaged clothing.

In this place it is as well to mention the experiences of the companies which at this time were on

detail on Santa Rosa. Of these, Company I, Capt. Robert Bailey, had been (June 16) detached to Battery Cameron, one of the new outworks of Fort Pickens. This company being near the regiment practically participated in all the doings of the main body, and it, as already mentioned, fired the first shot in anger ever fired by the regiment. Also, it participated in the battle of Santa Rosa Island, both by driving off the enemy's reinforcements and by peppering a schooner which had on board, as afterward ascertained, no less a person than Major Vogdes, U. S. A., who had had the bad luck to be captured during the struggle on the Island.

September 21st, Company G, Capt. James H. Dobie, had been ordered to Battery Lincoln, where it was at the time of the attack on the camp of the Sixth, and when the regulars advanced this company came out of the work and did good service in the pursuit.

BATTERY SCOTT

FORT PICKENS

BATTERY CAMERON

BATTERY LINCOLN

BOMBARDMENT, Nov. 23, 1861.

J. L. Taylor
Dd

CHAPTER V.

Bombardment.

ON the morning of the 12th of November, the consolidated report of that part of the regiment, Companies C, D, F and K, which were with the colors, reported 190 enlisted men for duty, while there were 36 sick, extra duty 48, and for duty 11 officers, the regiment having been still further depleted since the battle by the detail of Company H, Capt. Charles E. Heuberer, first, November 11th, to Battery Scott, and later, November 22d, to Fort Pickens, which gave this company an opportunity to find out what a bombardment is like when you are on the wrong side of the muzzles of the cannon.

This event came off on the 22d and 23d days of November, 1861, and was commenced by our side under orders from Col. Brown. The signal gun was fired from Pickens at 9 A. M., and was followed up by No. 1 gun, a 10-inch columbiad, captained by Sergt. Theberath, from Battery Cameron, then manned by Company I, Capt. Bailey. Then the whole line opened, fort and batteries. And the enemy replied from Barrancas, and the works about it. As in all bombardments there was a great deal of noise and nerve strain. Pickens was heavily breached, so much so as to keep Lieut. MacFarland, U. S. E., very busy

at night stopping the holes with sand bags. Also, the batteries were considerably damaged, and some loss of life sustained, the first man killed was private Theodore Cooper of Capt. Heuberer's Company (H). On the other side of the contest, McRae was silenced, and the works badly hammered, and Barrancas must have been an unpleasant place of residence for those two days and the intervening nights.

This was a novel experience for the Sixth, for first came the preparations, which were a considerable strain both of labor and expectancy. Then came the hard suspense, while in the early hours of the 22d all eyes were concentrated on the little blue flag on the staff of Pickens, the dropping of which was to be the signal for opening fire, and then the crash and roar of the firing from fort, battery and ships, for the *Niagara* and *Colorado* joined in and pounded away until the smoke wreaths rose high above their reduced spars, for they had stripped for action.

Novel as the experience was, and severe as was the labor of handling the heavy guns, the regiment behaved with great steadiness. Company H took a hand at the guns in Pickens, Company I those in Cameron, and Company G did good work in Lincoln.

Among the most active and useful men in this bombardment engaged were Sergt. Theberath, Private James Smith, who was No. 1 of Theberath's detachment, and Orderly Sergt. Peter Tawse who captained gun No. 2 in Cameron, while Captains Heuberer, Bailey, Dobie, and Lieutenants Moore Hanham, and W. B. Kaufman, kept a careful supervision over the sighting and elevation of the pieces.

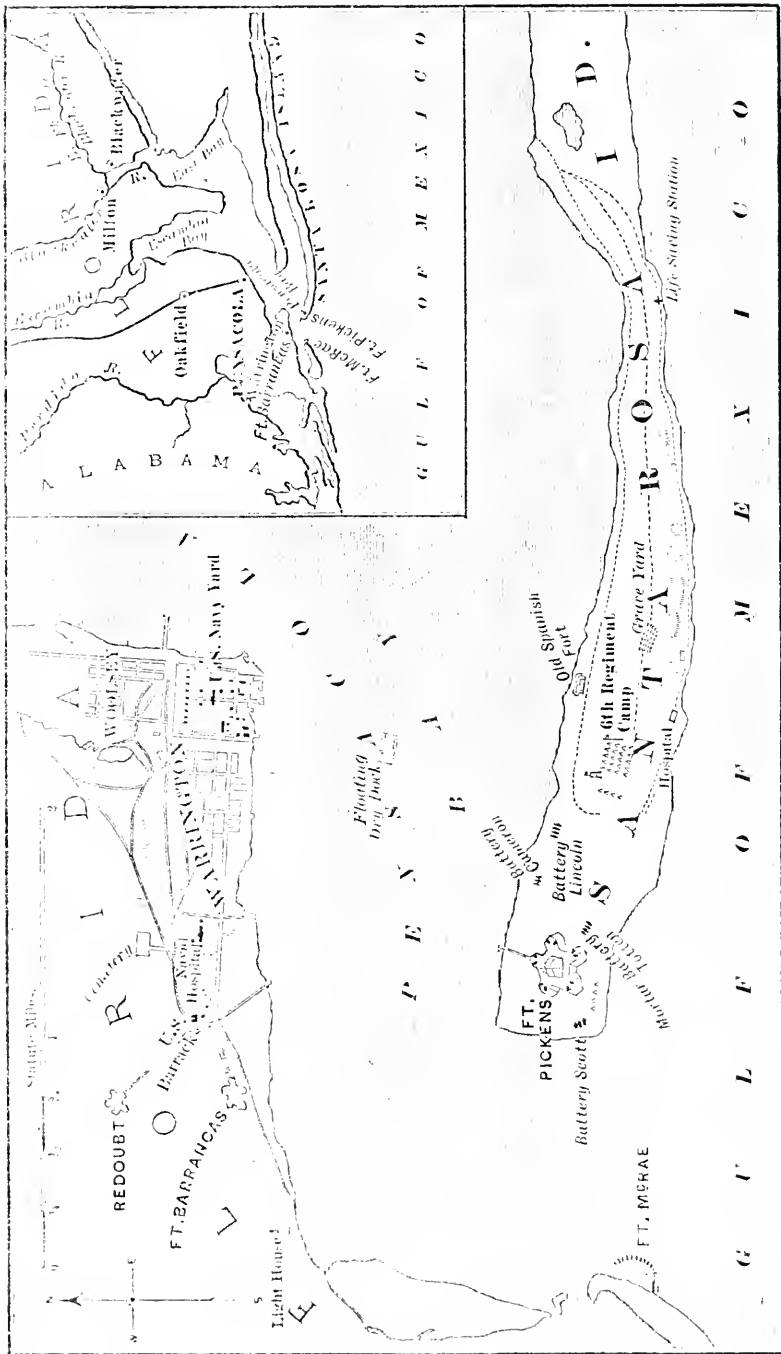
It was not until fifteen minutes after we opened that

the enemy responded, and he did it with a will, and as our position was the centre of the circle, while their's occupied the arc whose radius was under a mile, our friends in gray managed to cross fire over us in a most embarrassing fashion.

Finally, by the evening of the 23d the firing ceased, "ended the thunder of fort and fleet," and both sides had an opportunity to count losses, repair damages, and the ordnance people to find out how much ammunition had been wasted. For wasted it was, and in fact, except for the value to the troops as an object lesson in a certain phase of war, Col. Brown might better have saved his powder, and left his neighbors at peace, for, even if by some military miracle he had destroyed all their works, he had no men in hand to have occupied the positions, and tactically, his situation already explained, was the worst of the two. Under such circumstances wise men do not fight. But then, Col. Brown though good, was not wise, at least not very, and he probably felt a desire to do something, and so acted like the small boy with a loaded gun whom the fates will not leave alone until he has fired the same off.

It was noted during this bombardment that, although at the commencement the men were under a heavy strain and doubted what was to become of them, after a short time they began to be cool and composed, and toward the end the experience was treated as a matter of amusement, and men ran out from the works and dug from the sand shot and unexploded shells and insisted on reloading the guns with them and firing them back at the enemy.

The range and point was so well understood by this time, that one very annoying gun on the Confederate side was silenced by a simultaneous fire of three cannon from Battery Cameron, whose projectiles struck the offending piece together and killed or wounded nearly every man about it.



CHAPTER VI.

Bombardment.—Pensacola.

NOVEMBER 23d, Company D was also ordered into Pickens, and on the 2d of December, under order No. 215, Headquarters Department Florida, Camp Brown was abandoned, and the regiment was concentrated in a line of retrenchment which had been built across the island since the Santa Rosa fight.

While the Sixth was engaged in the task of constructing this defense line of works across Santa Rosa island, there was much fun created by a little duet in which the parties were Major Israel Vogdes, and the regimental goat who went by the generic name of Billy. It chanced one day when the trench had been dug down to the depth of some six feet that Vogdes, aforesaid, who was busily supervising the work, stood at the end of a section of the ditch, and in his interest in the work had bent forward, so that he presented a very inviting rear elevation. In fact, so inviting was it that "Billy" entirely forgot his respect for dignitaries, and having craftily turned the Major's flank, prepared for a vigorous attack in the rear. This feat of arms "Billy" executed with great energy. First rising on his hind feet and performing a preliminary pirouette, he drove his hard head with much violence against

that part of the Major's anatomy which is ordinarily put in requisition for sedentary purposes. "Billy" only fired once, but his shot was extremely effective. "Billy" and gravity together were too much for Vogdes, and he gracefully dived into the ditch. The incident was very amusing to the bystanders; but when the Major arose there was sand in his uniform, and in his hair and "blood in his eye." Glaring at the men, who couldn't help laughing, he remarked, "You seem to be amused; go to the guardhouse."

On the 1st of January, 1862, Col. Brown once more waked up and shelled Pensacola Navy Yard with much vigor. On this occasion Companies I and G handled the guns in Batteries Cameron and Lincoln; Private John Moran of Company I was killed. This firing resulted in burning the buildings in the Navy Yard, which, as there was a certainty that in the nature of things the enemy would soon withdraw from Pensacola and that the yard would come in very handily as a refit station for our navy, seems to have been rather bad economy.

During this affair Sergeant Peter Tawse had the rare experience of being literally blown through the top of a tent in which he was quietly writing, by a shell, which exploded under the tent floor. Being a tough Scotchman the sergeant was only shaken up, and happily is alive on the retired list of the regular army at this day.

January 2d, as a refreshment after the bombardment, Col. Wilson entertained his officers on the occasion of the presentation of regimental colors on

the part of the Common Council of the city of New York, a ceremony to which that worthy body were much addicted in those days, for it might conciliate voters, and at any rate would afford an opportunity for a minute job.

Early in March, 1862, Captain Burgess with Company A, Lieut. Denslow with Company B, and Lieut. Roddy with Company E, were transferred from Fort Jefferson to Santa Rosa Island, thus making eight companies in camp under Colonel Wilson's command (Companies G and I were still at the batteries). These new arrivals were heartily welcomed, and soon settled down to the routine of camp life.

And so the winter passed away. The troops drilled steadily. There were mild festivities from time to time, and sometimes by way of variety a company was sent scouting down the island. Company D was engaged in this service March 25th, and Company K, did similar duty on the 26th of the same month. Altogether it was a quiet and not unpleasant experience; the climate was equable. The sand flea and the mosquito had rested from their labors, and there was sufficient to eat and enough work to keep a man healthy. Nevertheless this sort of military picnicking became tiresome at last, and every one was much delighted in the early May days when General Bragg silently, and without tuck of drum, and without even sending a P. P. C. card to his friend Brigadier-General Lewis G. Arnold, evacuated Pensacola, and retired in search of fresh fields and pastures new, which he and his men found before long in the bloodstained woodlands of Shiloh, and the long, dragging marches and fierce fighting which endured

until Johnston finally laid down his arms at Durham Station in 1865. For this force of Bragg's, which confronted us in 1861-62 became as Hardee's corps, a very important part of the Confederate army of the west, and the Georgians, Mississippians and Alabamians who composed it made many a long and hard march and shed much blood of their own and other people's before the end came.

Before going finally away, Gen. Bragg left orders to burn and blow up generally, but our forces reached the shore in time to put out the fires, and either the fuses went out or our fire drove away the destroyers, so that the explosion part of the programme failed.

Bright and early May 12th, 1862, under orders No. 2, Western District Department of the South, Companies G, Capt. Dobie, and I, Capt. Bailey, crossed over to Barrancas and hoisted the flag on that work, and on the 14th, Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, H and K went over to Pensacola, under orders No. 5, Western District Department of the South, and the regimental family was once more united.

The flag was first placed in Pensacola by Lieut. Kaufman of Company I, Sixth Regiment, who crossed the bay in a schooner, called the *Maria Wood*, with a detail, and after a discussion with the Mayor and people of Pensacola, who were very disagreeable and threatened his life, finally effected a landing and hoisted the flag, the Mayor and Commonalty retiring into their respective houses and taking the back seat which behoved them. This movement was very prompt and decisive, and Brig.-Gen. L. G. Arnold, U. S. V., who had succeeded Col. Brown, showed good soldiership in his quick diagnosis of Bragg's

purpose of withdrawal, and by an immediate opening of fire from fort and batteries he saved a vast amount of property which the retiring enemy would otherwise have destroyed.

Although Bragg with his main body had gone northward, he had left behind him a sufficient force to at least annoy the garrison of Pensacola and enough cavalry to keep the pickets stirred up. With these troops, the Sixth, which practically composed the garrison, had to reckon; and while the regiment was settling itself down in the captured position and securing the same by construction of a new work, called Fort McClellan, on the height behind Pensacola, which was garrisoned with much credit by Capt. Denslow's Company B, and which mounted seven pieces (two 30-lb. rifles, five 12-lb. Napoleons), and covered the land approaches to the town, one or two quite lively affairs occurred in the neighborhood. At this time Company B was in Fort McClellan and the rest of the Sixth was laboriously engaged either in guarding public property, doing picket duty, or garrisoning the various works which were in the neighborhood, such as Fort Redoubt in rear of Barrancas, which was held by Companies G and I, while Capt. Larned with Company H, 2d U. S. Artillery, garrisoned Fort Barrancas.

Besides these heavy duties the regiment strained its available force in doing a quantity of scouting and reconnoissance work in the neighborhood, which not only afforded a good school for training officers and men in such duty, but also gave rise to the aforesaid pretty little affairs. One for instance, was the expedition of June 3d, which marched to the Blackwater

and burned the entire outfit, timber, stores, etc., for an intended Confederate war vessel. Another lively little expedition was that of Companies B, Captain Denslow, C, Captain Hazeltine, E, Captain McNutt, H, Captain Heuberer, which battalion, commanded by Lieut. Col. Cassady of the Sixth, sailed from Pensacola on the armed steamer "Meigs," after dark, on the night of the 14th of June, destined for Milton, Fla., on the Blackwater river.

About midnight this command landed quietly on the shore near Milton, and surrounded a large building which contained a company of Confederate cavalry. The surprise was almost complete, but the enemy had been sufficiently apprised to have manned a fence on the flank of the column, from which vantage ground they opened fire in a lively fashion, but the battalion advanced rapidly, scaled the fences, surrounded the building, and our friends, the enemy, sought their horses and fled into the woods so fast that six wounded prisoners, nine horses, and a quantity of arms and equipments, comprised all of our trophies. However, the command consoled itself by thinking about the unhappy plight of the poor devils who were riding off through the dark woods on bare backed horses.

On June 25th, the advance picket reserve detail while on a scout toward the Mobile road, were attacked and driven in by a force of the enemy's cavalry, and had a couple of men hurt, one of them badly in the foot, but retired on its reserve in good shape, bringing off its wounded. A prompt advance of Companies D and K did not find the enemy, who had got out of the way with commendable alacrity.

One of these expeditions composed of twenty-five men selected from various companies was sent toward Oakfield, Florida, on the Mobile road, under command of Captain Heuberer. This was simply a march to drive off certain bushwacking cavalry who had been annoying the pickets of the garrison of Pensacola.

When this command came to Oakfield it found a deserted village in a fine grove of live oak trees. As there was no sign of an enemy about, the detail stacked arms, posted pickets, which had become a habit, and proceeded to investigate the houses in the village. Suddenly the pickets gave the alarm. The men fell in, took arms and saw fifty or sixty Confederate cavalymen riding madly toward them through the woods. The detachment promptly deployed forward and opened fire, and the cavalry people broke and scattered, with several saddles emptied and a number of struggling horses on the ground whose riders were making a rapid retreat on foot. This affair would not have been worthy of mention except as an illustration of the ease with which good infantry can drive away cavalry if the odds are not more than two to one.

While all these duties and labors were going on the Sixth, being after all a lot of New York boys, were desirous of amusing themselves, and got up certain private and public theatricals, such as would have pleased a genuine Bowery audience, and afforded great amusement to every body. The regiment had plenty of talent in it. There were fellows who could sing a song, and sing the same right well. There were other lads who had a very accurate idea of the break-

down and jig, and certain soldier-citizens then present, were up in stage management, so that the performance at the "Sixth Regiment Zouave Theatre," with the following cast (heavens, what a brown, worn old program it is now), was an immense success, with an audience composed of old and stiff backed regular officers, young and enthusiastic ditto, the Sixth's own contribution of shoulder straps, and an outlying fringe of peering Ethiopians.

This and other theatrical efforts of the Sixth were given under the management of Lieut. Virginius Vangieson of Company B, and as it has been stated, the talent which was in the regiment made successes of all similar affairs during the life of the command. In fact the Sixth represented all sorts of vocations, trades and industries, and was in condition to have become the foundation of a very successful colony if a sufficient number of wives could have been furnished. For the only thing lacking at that time for the organization of a well governed and self supporting community was the presence of the other sex.

The printing office at Pensacola at this date had been shut up for a long time, and types and appurtenances were in a state of "pi," but the Sixth had several printers in its ranks, and it was an easy task for them to put things in order, and not only to set up and print this program, but also to print the orders and papers for use at headquarters.

SIXTH REGIMENT ZOUAVE THEATRE.

PENSACOLA, FLA.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

OPENING CHORUS,	Troupe.
GET ALONG HOME YALLER GALS,	Mr. J. Durning.
MY LOVE HE IS A ZOUAVE,	" J. Garvey.
SEEING NELLY HOME,	" G. Clark.
POMPEY'S LAMENT,	" J. Powers.
ELLA REE,	" J. Durning.
ANNIE LISLE,	" C. Trigler.
THE BOY WITH THE AUBURN HAIR, . . .	" J. Garvey.
HAZEL DELL,	" C. Trigler.
OVERTURE,	Band.

PART SECOND.

DANCE, (jig),	Mr. J. Comfort.
SONG, (comic),	" E. Rice.
DANCE, (challenge plantation),	" Garvey & Foley.
SONG,	" E. Havey.
JULIESS'S IDEAS ABOUT THE WAR, . . .	" J. Garvey.
SONG—THE UNLUCKY MAN,	" J. Comfort.
DANCE,	" W. Tiffany.
SONG,	Union Children.

The Performance will conclude with the laughable farce of

UNCLE DAD'S CABIN.

OLD DAD BROWN,	Mr. J. Durning.
PEDLER,	" W. R. Haynes.
ARABELLA,	Miss E. Smith.
LUCY,	" E. Havey.

Doors open at 3½ o'clock, P. M. Performance to commence at 4.
You are respectfully invited to attend by

LIEUT. V. VANGIESON,

SIXTH N. Y. VOLS.

The Seventy-Fifth and the Ninety-First New York regiments had come down from the North and afforded in their personnel a curious contrast to the Sixth. On the one hand were the close-knit, active, hard, city-bred men; on the other, the heavy, healthy, strong young country farmers, who, by the way, at that time, couldn't vie with the Sixth in endurance of fatigue or climate. At first relations were slightly strained, and as many of the men of the Sixth were skillful with their hands, in sparring contests the countrymen were often worsted, but after a while all parties became very friendly, and there couldn't have been better comrades in march or fight than the valiant Seventy-Fifth and Ninety-First.

By this time the force originally under Gen. Arnold had been augmented to four regiments of volunteers and still retained the original six companies of regular artillery. Gen. Arnold having been relieved for other duty, the command had fallen by seniority to Col. Wilson of the Sixth.

Sometime after, these troops were both disgusted and somewhat amused by the supersession of Col. Wilson in command, by Brig.-General Neal Dow, U. S. V., of temperance legislation notoriety and of military service inutility. Gen. Dow was in the first place a crank, much given to issuing temperance advice, and was not familiar with the ways of city-bred volunteers; as a soldier he had not many pretensions and his adjutant-general was like unto him, and Providence only knows to what state of disgust the Sixth would have been reduced had not the fates sent Gen. Butler from New Orleans, on a tour of inspection, to Pensacola. When that astute individual arrived, an

inspection review was held for him, and he fortunately cocked his eye on the Sixth, remarked the hard, sinewy look of the command, and noted its good drill and military bearing, and reflecting that if there were to be military doings in his department, six or seven hundred fellows like the Sixth would be convenient to have around, he had a welcome order issued transferring the regiment to Louisiana, to be under his immediate command.

In this place, it is proper to note a very praiseworthy piece of hospitality on the part of Gen. Butler, which took place just after the review now mentioned. Naturally, the department of Florida, under Dow, was a dry department, and the idea of any soldier in the army of the Lord refreshing his tired body with a trifle of spirits was of the nature of the unpardonable sin ; so the delight and joy of the Sixth and the disgust of the general may be imagined, when Gen. Butler, in the kindness of his heart, ordered a gill of whisky per man to the command.

While the Sixth was at Pensacola at least during the Wilson régime, and in fact during the Dow episode, for that valiant fighter against " John Barley-corn " really was more amusing than oppressive, it rather enjoyed itself. As always the drills were constant, but the regiment was used to them, and the various picketings and scouts, with consequent skirmishes, gave men something to discuss and differ about ; and the surroundings of Pensacola were so far superior to that accursed sand ridge of Santa Rosa that the regiment felt as if it were in Paradise. Besides, butlers had opened shops and the paymaster had

appeared, and men could waste their substance on various unaccustomed delicacies. Then the theatre afforded amusement, and sarcastic people could please their mental vein by noting how many prominent Union men developed out of the resident males of Pensacola and vicinity. The women did not, it is true, show any Union sentiment, but the men were decidedly in favor of the old flag with protection for their goods and chattels. These latter by the way in those days were having a high old time; no tasks, no overseer, and plenty of pay when they condescended to work for "de Lincum sojer." It is a funny reflection how the bondman when he happened to find himself under the protection of the flag, made amends for generations of servitude by being most absolutely his own master. As Wendell Phillips truly remarked during the civil war days, "The negro is the only person in the country who can afford to remain quiet."

When Pensacola was occupied, the resident clergy of all denominations had departed, and the chaplain of the Sixth, Father Nash, found that the sacerdotal labors of the district largely devolved on him in addition to his ordinary duties. How well this worthy ecclesiastic performed this extraneous duty every man who was then at Pensacola can testify.

At this time Hon. Mr. Mallory of Florida was Confederate Secretary of the Navy, and it must have been gall and wormwood to his soul when he heard that the "notorious Colonel Wilson of the celebrated New York Zouaves" had made headquarters in his

handsome residence. However, perhaps Mr. Mallory, who was a man of the world, a good sportsman and an expert amateur sponge diver, consoled himself by reflecting that the most maligned colonel in the United States service would be a better tenant than no tenant at all. At any rate Colonel Wilson had headquarters in the Mallory mansion, and kept open official and personal house there, and both he and his officers and men messed comfortably and enjoyed their change of position.

CHAPTER VII.

New Orleans.—Baton Rouge.

NOVEMBER 16, 1862, the welcome orders came, and the regiment, per steamers "Nassau," and "Creole," steamed westward across the Gulf. Soon came the narrow passes of the Mississippi where one looks over endless miles of green marsh, and shortly after the sullen, mud-colored crooked river, where the surrounding landscape resembles what the world must have looked like during the Pleiocene period, and no one would be surprised to have seen a plesiosaurus swimming in the river, or a pterodaetyl flying through the air. And then the steamers passed the Forts St. Philip and Jackson, with their memories of Farragut's mad dash for victory or death—very fresh they were then—and finally debarked at Camp Parapet, near Carrollton, where camp was pitched, and the regiment thanked its stars at having got at last free of the sand-blaze and fleas and mosquitoes of Florida.

When the Sixth reached Carrollton it hadn't had a bit of a time for a long time. In fact, it was mad for a time, and as New Orleans is near Carrollton, everybody either got leave or took it, and went with the avidity of city men who hadn't seen a city for over a year, to see what New Orleans could show them. However there were many provost guards, staff officers

and police, in New Orleans, and there was not much to do when one did evade these people ; and then the discipline of the regiment was good, and a day or so got it entirely together in its camp with the brigade then present at Carrollton. Col. Wilson being the senior officer, took command of this brigade. And soon afterward General T. W. Sherman, then commanding the division, going away, an order was issued placing Col. Wilson in command of the division.

On December 19th, the regiment was moved from Carrollton to Baton Rouge, and reached that place December 21st, finding its bluffs a happy change from the swampy lands of the lower river.

Now the people in Baton Rouge at that epoch were nervous. There were some actual, and a good many suppositious Confederates outside the place, and everybody desired reinforcements ; so when the Sixth disembarked, and in column of platoons marched through the town, people came out to look, and when they saw the well-brushed clothes, bright shoulder scales and brasses, scrupulous muskets, and brown faces, surmounted by that terrible Hardee hat (the regiment wore the United States regular uniform), and noted the rigid dress and steady tread of the platoons, and heard the sonorous commands given in right West Point fashion, the word went all over that the Sixth regiment of United States infantry had come to town. And the resemblance was at that time very marked, for the Sixth, having lived for a year with the regulars, and those the old stiff-spined hard-drilled regulars of the

old army, had instinctively caught all their habits and ways, and had become most creditable machines, their free-and-easy volunteering habits having been pretty well knocked out of them.

That same afternoon the regiment encamped itself a mile or so outside of Baton Rouge, and the people in the town were still more astonished to find out that this solemn, well-drilled, and obedient body of men, were the newspaper notorious "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," and still more were the populace, civil and military, "mixed up" when they found out not only that these noted New York Zouaves were steady, obedient men, but that the regular staff in command of the department were in the habit of drawing on their officers for important details, such as inspectors, judge advocates and the like more delicate and confidential portions of military duty. And in truth, at this time the regiment was in very good shape. The weaker men had been weeded out. The incompetent officers had been got rid of. The entire organization had associated with regulars until they had learned the value of that first of all military axioms, that the corporal is always right when he addresses the private, the sergeant when he talks to the corporal, and so on upward until the secretary of war and the president are reached, who are in turn the first responsible to the last, and the last responsible in turn to the Nation, a proper understanding of which is the first essential toward the making of a good soldier. Now, the Sixth had had this idea grained into them to that extent, that they had ceased to try and think for their superiors, and so confined their mentality to considerations of their own

individual rights and duties, and having by practice learned the mechanics of their trade, they had become good soldiers.

In fact, so well had they become instructed in the various schools of soldier, company and battalion, that there being at that time in the department an influx of new regiments, raised under the 1862 call, and totally uninstructed in the A, B, C of the profession, the Sixth found itself heavily engaged in the business of military schoolmastership: its officers passing their time in instructing the new arrivals how to get through a guard-mount, or a company or battalion drill without disgrace, while the non-commissioned of the Sixth were detailed to the task of teaching these new levies the school of the soldier and the manual of the piece. These toils and duties were varied by scouting about the neighborhood, looking up contraband reports as to the dangerous citizens, who were mostly found to be harmless enough, and in seizing cotton, which in those days constituted the main pivot of war in the Department of the Gulf, for cotton was kingly enough then to be worth a dollar a pound, and every one desired it intensely. The enemy when they could not remove it burned it out of spite. The army seized it when not protected and turned it over to the quartermaster, reaping no profit to themselves thereby, while the navy whenever they found any loose portions of the fibre, claimed and got prize money on the same, very much to the disgust of all the other branches of the service.

On the 6th of March, the regiment was, by special order No 24, assigned to the First brigade of Gen.

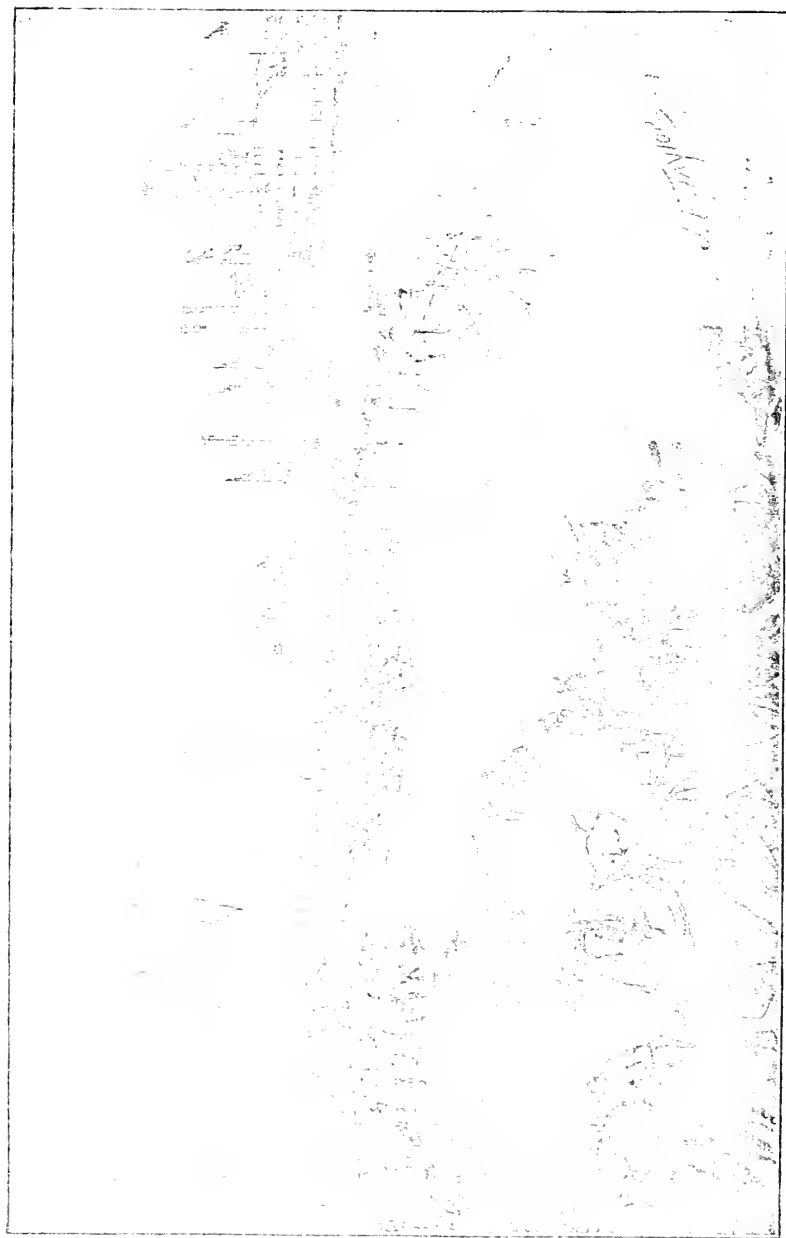
Cuvier Grover's division, and led the advance in the feint on the rear of Port Hudson, which seemed to the high authorities a proper military operation. In this movement the Sixth led off with six companies deployed as skirmishers, worrying through the underbrush and over the rough fields, while the rest of the battalion marched in column on the road.

The object of this operation was to facilitate the passage of the works at Port Hudson by the squadron under Farragut, and it so chanced that when the column got well in the rear of the place, it heard the contest of fort and fleet, and saw afar off, over the river bluff, the grand pyrotechnics of the explosion of the frigate "Mississippi," when her blazing spars and rigging soared high toward the zenith, as the old ship went through her last agony.

All this was very spectacular, but, in a military way, probably did very little good, as no attempt was made on the works, and the troops were too far away to make much of a diversion for the ships. At a place called "Plain's Store," where some roads cross in the rear of Port Hudson, the command did run into some Confederates, and exchanged shots, and a few people in the immediate neighborhood were damaged, but the whole movement was of small account, and the major damage was only of the sore-footed, chafed, and disgusted sort, except so far as a couple of rebel videttes went, who unfortunately for themselves, got in the way of Lieut. Entwisle, acting-adjutant of the Sixth, who disabled one fellow's bridle hand with a sword cut, while a cavalry orderly rode the other to a stand-still in a ploughed field, and both were taken prisoners.

The return march from this expedition was made under very weeping skies. In fact, it rained hard enough to beat in the crown of a cheap hat, while the soldiers' trousers, which had been brown at the bottoms with dust and sweat, became black with rain-water and Louisiana loam. However, the column was not disheartened, but picked up a good deal of cotton along the road, and arrested such persons who dared to dispute the ownership of the textile.

Altogether this raid was valuable training, as accustoming everybody to be cheerfully uncomfortable, but it effected little in the way of suppressing the rebellion, and when the Sixth settled back into its camp, cleaned its trousers, and got itself into shape, it had an internal feeling that perhaps the high military authorities of the Department of the Gulf were not so much wiser than the rest of the world as they would have desired other people to believe.



LANDING AT INDIAN BEND, LA., APRIL, 1863.

CHAPTER VIII.

First Red River Campaign.

ABOUT this time the high authorities of the Department of the Gulf came to the conclusion that the main objectives of the campaign were two-fold. One of them and the most important, being to open the lower river by the capture of Port Hudson; the other, to seize Mobile and close the Gulf against blockade runners.

Now, in opposition to these schemes were, first, the Mobile garrison; second, the Port Hudson garrison; and third and most important, the rebel army of Western Louisiana, commanded by Gen. Richard Taylor, a son of President Zachary Taylor of Buena Vista renown.

This force was important, because it lay on the left flank of any possible advance on Baton Rouge, or if the Mobile advance was decided on, a very large force would have to be left behind to garrison New Orleans and the available points on the river. Therefore, it seemed proper to commence either of these operations by driving Mr. Taylor into the far west, at least as far toward the sunset as he could be persuaded to go. This being effected, and Taylor aforesaid eliminated from the equation, the problems

of Port Hudson and Mobile would become easy of solution.

So, immediately after the fall on Port Hudson, and Farragut's passage of the forts, the troops in the department which had by this time been organized into the historic Nineteenth army corps, were massed on transports, and to the number of some 20,000 men, were directed against Gen. Taylor's army.

Western Louisiana is a very precious country. The great river cuts curves through a rich alluvial bottom, and from time to time, whenever it finds the water from its giant shed too heavy for its own canal, it sends off side-channels through the soft and greasy soil, and these surplus waters after much winding about, find a grave in the Gulf. Of such channels the principal one is the Atchafalaya, which runs slowly through a very rich country, with broad spaces of sugar and cotton land, heavy forests, and rich pasturage—a very heaven of a country in an agricultural way—and for an army which controlled the river transportation, a very well laid out road through which to conduct a campaign.

A central point in this system of sluggish, navigable waterways, was a village called Brashear City, and from this point the Nineteenth corps set forth in the spring of 1863 to originate the first Red River campaign.

In this process of concentration, the part of the Sixth was to leave Baton Rouge March 26th, to be ferried across the Mississippi to Donaldsonville, and then in three days' easy marching, not over fourteen miles per day, to arrive at Brashear City.

Brashear City, which nowadays is called Morgan City, was a very abortive sort of a place in 1863. It

had been "borned and hadn't growed," as a Louisiana contraband of the period would have put it, and had attained to the dignity of a dozen frame houses close together and a dozen more scattered along the banks of the bayou. However, small as it was, Brashear City was a strategic point, and its strategic value had been illustrated a year before when the Confederates had tried to use it as a pressure point on New Orleans, and had been driven away after a well-contested action by Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, at the head of that very fine organization, the reserve brigade of the Department of the Gulf. General Weitzel's men had added to the attractions of the town by constructing a stone fort to cover the approaches to the place, and there was a garrison to hold the position. Into this historic place the Sixth entered on the 10th of April, 1863, and were on the 11th shipped on board transports, the steamers "Estrella," "Clifton" and "Laurel Hill," en route up an expansion of the bayou called Grand Lake, to another unknown place, named Indian Bend.

The scheme of the whole matter was this: the enemy were massed at Bisland, twenty miles west of Brashear City, and their line of retreat led northwest via the town of Franklin. Now, an operation in the direct point of the enemy from the line of Brashear City would have brought on a battle, which, if a success, would have resulted in Taylor's having a free line of retreat; if a failure, would have spoiled the campaign entirely. So, under the advice of Gen. Weitzel, it was decided to turn Gen. Taylor by way of the Atchafalaya. For at a distance of twenty miles up that stream is a narrow neck of land with the bayou

on the one side and an impassable swamp on the other. This pass is only about a mile across, and a strong brigade could in twenty-four hours so cover itself as to be able to hold its ground until food and cartridges were exhausted. As this point was thoroughly known to the strategic end of the staff and had been entirely explained to Gen. Grover, it is one of the unexplained mysteries of the war why a clever trained and valiant soldier like Cuvier Grover, whose record was of the best, should have so muddled such an important operation.

But so he did. Weitzel, or whoever was responsible for the campaign, advanced two divisions direct on Bisland, and under their pressure, Taylor, feeling his position jeopardized, yielded the ground, and retired on his only available line of retreat via Franklin.

While this operation was in progress, Grover, with Dwight's and two other brigades, progressed up the Atchafalaya, but, alas! Grover did not take his column high enough up the river. Instead of heading Taylor, he dropped quietly in on his flanks.

Landing at Indian Bend, he sent Captain Denslow and a detail of twenty-four men from the Sixth, to explore the roads toward Franklin. Capt. Denslow worked out his road without opposition, found it passable for artillery with but little corduroying, and so reported. Therefore, the next morning Gen. Grover put his troops on shore, and began to move on Franklin, just about the time that Gen. Taylor was filing along the road leading through that place, feeling probably that he could easily block Grover with detachments, while his trains were making good their escape. These movements brought on the actions known as Indian and Irish Bends.

J. E. Taylor

BATTLE OF IRISH BEND, LA., APRIL, 1863.

CHAPTER IX.

Indian Bend.—Irish Bend.

NATURALLY all these movements had called Gen. Taylor's attention to Gen. Grover, and he had detached a force to check that gentleman's movements. So, in the morning, the enemy opened a battery on the transports, and riddled the upper works of the high-decked Mississippi steamers with grape and canister. As usual, during this campaign, the Sixth was quickly tumbled out of its transports in front. It formed up and advanced over an open field, with a dense cypress forest on its further side. These woods were stiffly held, and the Sixth marched forward steadily as was its wont, firing and cheering; and later, as the other troops were put in line, the woods were cleared, and against a steady skirmish fire the leading brigade drove all and sundry through wood and field up to and over the Teche river, which was the last obstruction between Taylor's trains and Grover's advance. The crossing of this stream ended that day's operations. Taylor's troops had been driven, but still Taylor was wending on his way, and was still in sufficient strength to put another impediment in Grover's path.

The next day, quite early in the morning, Gen. Grover inaugurated a tactical mistake in direct line

with his previous strategic error. There was but one chance left for him to make his campaign a success. There was no possibility of his cutting off Gen. Taylor's main column, and the only remaining opportunity of making a success of the movement was to smash up the covering force which Gen. Taylor had interposed to protect his retreat. Under the existing situation, the proper course to be pursued was to engage these troops with an advance-guard, and under cover of its operations, to deploy to the right so as to cover that flank by the swamp, which, with the bayou on the left, made a very strong position for such a purpose, and from that point to vigorously turn the enemy's left and so force him off his line of retreat on Franklin.

When the troops were landed from their transports the situation was briefly as follows :

Gen. Grover had missed his strategic point by some five or six miles in the distance, and a few hours in time, but still his troops were on shore and on the flank of General Taylor's line of retreat, and there was a living chance of striking a crippling blow at the Confederate column. Now, as Grover's force faced west and Taylor was moving across him in a direction somewhat north of east, it ought to have been obvious that the weight of the attack should have been directed from Grover's right, so, if possible, to have seized the road north of the village of Franklin, which was about a mile and a half west of the Irish Bend of the Teche, with a fair road running through timber connecting the two positions.

In front of the landing was a large open field,

backed and flanked by heavy timber and underbrush, which on the north and south sides of the open ground reached to the bayou, and across this field led the direct road to Franklin. On the ground near the landing, stood an abandoned sugar house, which soon became filled with wounded and dying men, and its air polluted with that curious mixed odor of blood and chloroform, which, to be appreciated must be experienced, while outside of its door speedily grew a ghastly pile of amputated legs and arms.

To fight this battle, Gen. Grover began by throwing forward Bradley's battery of the Fifth United States artillery, while forming Birge's brigade for a direct attack up the Franklin road, Dwight's brigade remaining in column, partly on the Franklin road and partly on a road which ran parallel with the bayou.

Closson, as chief of artillery, got his own and Bradley's guns promptly into position and opened on the woods, while Birge advanced to the attack. Birge was a good soldier and had a good brigade, but as he pushed forward, the error of the plan of attack exposed itself. Birge's left was too far to the south, and his right "entirely in air" was enfiladed from the woods which flanked it. The further he advanced the worse became his position, and finally his unprotected right being ground up, his brigade gave way and fell back to its first position, leaving the grounds well dotted with quiet or writhing men in blue, and the batteries, which remained in position, exposed to a peppering which rapidly converted Bradley's into a very charnel house of dead and wounded men and horses. This did not augur well for success, but Gen. Grover was a fighting man, first, last and all the

time, and when he saw Birge's men come back, he promptly got Dwight out of the road and ordered his brigade forward, while the two batteries cracked away rapidly, and the smoke-grimed gunners worked at their pieces until they fairly jumped with the recoil.

Dwight's attack was made on a somewhat better line than Birge's, inasmuch as its weight was directed more toward the right. On the extreme right of this brigade was the Sixth, while in the line were those steadfast battalions of the Metropolitan Brigade, the 131st and 133d New York, and the 91st New York from Albany.

When the Sixth came under the flank-fire from the woods, its line was refused at an angle with the general brigade front, and it commenced to move on the wood. This movement made a gap between the Sixth's left and the right of the next regiment in line, and Gen. Dwight sent Capt. Denslow of his staff to move the Sixth by a left oblique so as to close the gap. But the Sixth didn't seem to be inclined that way; there was a heavy fire in front, and the regiment returned it savagely, and charged the timber in good order and with great vigor.

This charge settled the day, for when the Sixth, dropping men rapidly from its ranks, broke fiercely into the woods, which were well marked with shot and strewn with bodies, the whole Confederate line gave way and scuttled off as fast as it could after Taylor's main column, which by this time had got well past Grover on its road to Washington. The fact was that the line of the attack of the Sixth was tactically the proper one, and so soon as the troops confront-

ing Dwight's line found that an importunate regiment like the Sixth was in a fair way to lay hold of their line of retreat, they promptly got out of the way, and so ended the fight at Irish Bend, except for the wounded in hospital, and the reminiscences of the survivors.

In this engagement the Sixth picked up a number of prisoners and arms, and if the regiment had not been called back by orders from headquarters, it would have seized the Franklin road and have gotten into Taylor's train which was in sight when the order came.

Among the incidents of this charge of the Sixth, was an exploit of Corporal James Smith, of Company I, who being thrown forward on the right of the regiment with twenty men, got in on the flank of the enemy's retreat and made a good haul of prisoners, the corporal himself capturing no less than three of them single handed and at one and the self same time. In fact, the regiment generally did very well in the prisoner business, but as every private knew that a great success had been missed by blundering, the whole command felt profoundly disgusted.

After the withdrawal of the enemy's flank guard owing to their defeat at Irish Bend, the column, led by the Sixth, pressed forward into the town of Franklin, with everybody in good spirits, and feeling that their fighting had produced the required results—and that General Taylor's column instead of marching cheerfully toward Alexandria, should have been in process of being crowded over into bayou Vermillion or the Gulf of Mexico. Alas! there had been a mistake, and all the tiresome crowding on

steamers; all the hard marching through cotton fields and timber lands, was to go for nothing; and all the plucky fighting at Irish Bend was to be only illustrative of the discipline of the regiment, for the enemy had slipped by. General Grover had missed his chance, and when the Sixth in advance came near the town of Franklin they found nothing to fight; but only the remains of a retreating column such as a few abandoned equipments, certain sick and wounded men, and a few broken down wagons.

And so the whole position was changed, for instead of being an important flanking column, destined by its route and fighting weight to conclude a campaign by a single stroke, Grover's division found itself simply the advance of one column chasing another; and felt as it tramped out of Franklin on the road leading northwest toward Alexandria, that if they were marched to Shreveport the enemy would be still far in advance of them, and all resulting combats would be simply loss of life. For as the old saying has it, "a stern chase is a long chase" and to drive a retreating army, with its roads open, to a decisive battle, is one of those military problems more often essayed than solved.

CHAPTER X.

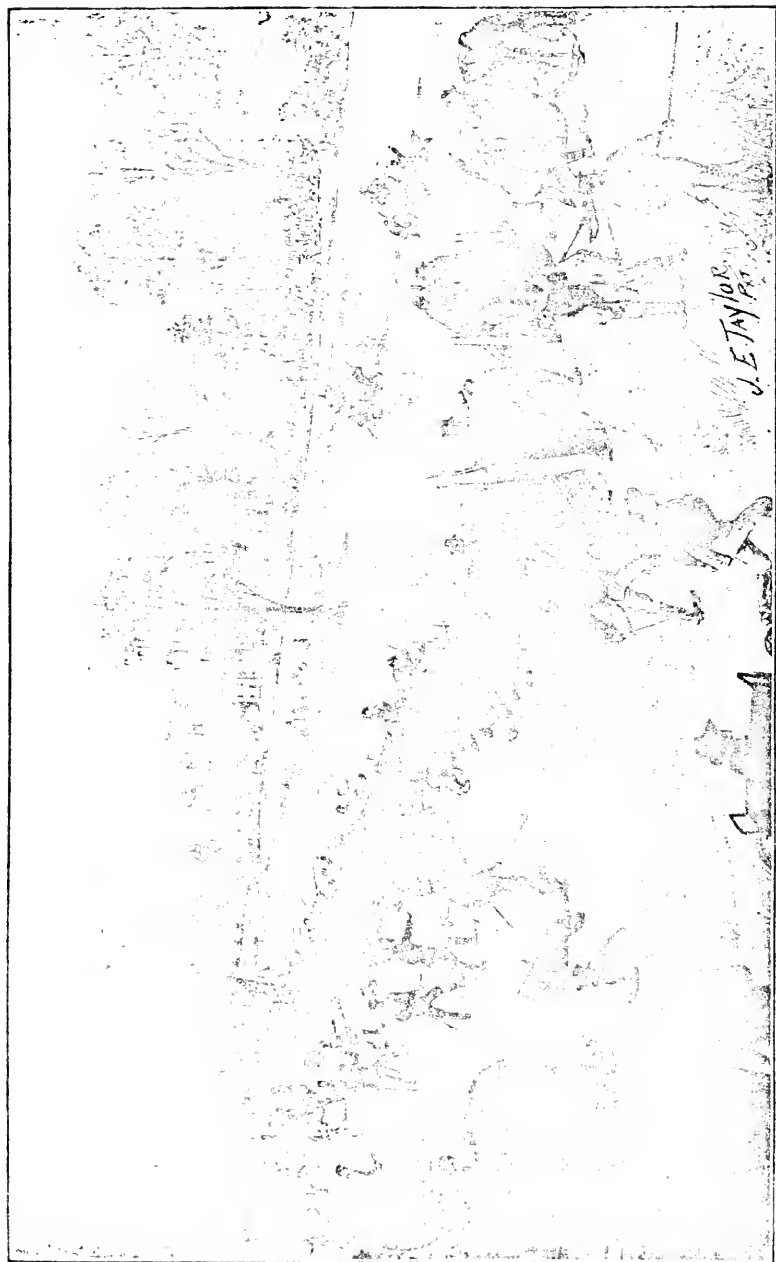
Vermillion Bayou.—Alexandria.

THE twenty miles march between Franklin and Vermillion Bayou, was over dusty roads and under a broiling sun. The bayou here is crossed by a bridge, which Gen. Taylor had burned, and to get a good start for his trains he had placed artillery and infantry in position on his side of the stream in order to impede the progress of Gen. Banks' army. This idea of Taylor's brought on the fight at Vermillion Bayou, and Grover's division with Dwight's brigade at the front, commenced it.

The only thing to do was to drive the enemy far enough away to enable a pontoon bridge to be thrown over the stream. So Capt. Closson, U. S. A., chief of artillery, went up on the skirmish line of the Sixth, which as usual was in advance, and soon hammered the enemy's artillery out of position, and by the time he had disposed of his special antagonists a line of infantry composed of the Sixth, the 131st and the 133d New York and the 12th Maine regiments had got into position, and so hardly swept the approaches with rifle fire, that after about four hours of shooting Taylor's troops gathered up their wounded, left their dead behind them and took themselves out of range.

This action was enlivened for the Sixth by the arrival of Captain Charles E. Heuberer of Company H. who having been left behind sick in quarters at Baton Rouge, had managed either to buy, hire or confiscate (this transaction has never been properly cleared up) a barouche and mules, and after a drive of a hundred miles alone through the enemy's country, where existed many pestilential guerillas, under a Louisiana sun, and with the accompanying labor of forcing along a contraband and his team, he reached the regiment just in the middle of the action. However Captain Heuberer had acquired his team and outfit and whatever after-disposition he made of the same, including the contraband driver, he certainly displayed zeal in his efforts to catch up with the column; for not only was the ride a hard one but the inhabitants were most of them guerillas, and their habits were bad, and people caught in the gaps of the column stood a good chance of being incontinently shot—which fate had happened about this time to General Dwight's brother while wandering along this road. At any rate the captain was received with cheering and hearty welcome by the regiment when he dismounted from his chariot, and many people wished that the custom of the service would give a barouche for each man, especially when marching through western Louisiana in the hot months.

The day after this action the pontoon bridge having been laid, the column, with the Sixth still in advance, crossed over the stream. The interval between the fight and the crossing having been enlivened by the accidental killing of a couple of soldiers from one of the new



BATTLE OF VERMILLION BAYOU, LA., APRIL, 1863.

volunteer regiments, who were as a class given to careless handling of their weapons.

When the bridge was crossed on the 19th of April, General Banks having absolutely failed in his campaign, bethought himself of the custom of the first Napoleon under similar circumstances, and issued a proclamation addressed, "Soldiers!" in which document after congratulating the troops on having learned how to endure fatigue and suffering (which facts they did not require to be told about) he informed them that they had scattered and crippled the enemy, destroyed his essential muniments of war so as to render his army incapable of reorganization, and also paralyzed the Opelousas salt works on which had rested the life of the Confederacy for a year or two.

To this Napoleonism the rank and file, especially such sharp city men as composed the Sixth, said "bosh." To be sure they had beaten the enemy wherever they had struck him. They had destroyed a quantity of material of war, and a detachment from the Sixth had burned the buildings and materials of the salt works, but every one knew that if Banks and his staff had properly handled matters, Dick Taylor's army would have been talked about as the late army of General Richard Taylor. Everybody likewise knew that Taylor's army was intact, and had a clear line of retreat, and everyone likewise knew that the Confederacy didn't live on salt; and if it did, it drew the bulk of its supplies of that article from West Virginia and not from Louisiana. However as no one expected much from General Banks, his proclamation did not enthuse anyone, and so soon as the column

had got itself disentangled from the pontoon and village it set its head toward Alexandria.

This march took from April 19th to May 7th, leading through Lafayette and Opelousas and reaching Alexandria on May 8th. It was hot and tiresome, with bad roads and heavy showers, and the last day was a very hard pull indeed, some thirty miles being covered by the tired and heavily loaded men, and it wound up so far as the Sixth was concerned by a bivouac between the rows of a sugar plantation, which were converted into wet ditches by a heavy shower of rain, and gave a very proper but not acceptable bath to the regiment.

This march was enlivened by some skirmishing, some raiding on cotton and sugar plantations, and by certain curious performances on the part of General Dwight. General Dwight had ideas of discipline quite outside of the regulations of the army, and he displayed the same by ordering and carrying out the military execution of a couple of men without any court-martial or even proper investigation of the facts. The first of these unfortunates was a private in the 131st New York, who had laid hands of possession on certain under-garments which did not belong to him and were not at the time on any one's person; his action was probably prompted by a sense of cleanliness, for his own garments were in a very bad state, but nevertheless General Dwight saw fit, by order, and with uncalled for brutality, to have the poor creature shot, with the brigade looking on much disgusted with the whole proceeding, for although the American volunteer believed in discipline, he did not believe in what he would have called

"dam fool," and this affair did not endear General Dwight to his troops.

General Dwight's other performance in the military execution line was in the way of personal vengeance for his brother having been shot by some person unknown; so he promptly selected the first stray guerilla caught, and had this unfortunate man also shot to death. General Grover hearing however of these incidents, and that General Dwight was going to have shot another man, one of the 91st New York, directed that no person should be executed except in accordance with the regulations in such cases made and provided.

General Weitzel's brigade led into Alexandria, and Dwight's troops followed immediately. Weitzel marched through the town and encamped four or five miles beyond, leaving seven companies in charge of the place, which were relieved so soon as Dwight's brigade came up and as the corps began to get in position around the town, by the Sixth, who were by Special Orders No. 3, Nineteenth Army Corps, designated as the provost guard.

Now troops detailed to duty as provost guards are those known to be steady and well disciplined men, whose duties although onerous and disagreeable, are at the same time very important, and the detail is a complimentary one, although it requires much guard duty, and endless patrolling for the purpose of arresting various evil-doers—such persons for example as have too lovingly looked upon the cup which cheers, and if one takes too much thereof likewise inebriates—or those other misguided people whose taste for games of chance keeps them out of camp after retreat. Or

even the duty may be so far extended in a disciplinary way as to include those very forgivable sinners whose sense of military obligation may have waned in view of the attractions of the other sex.

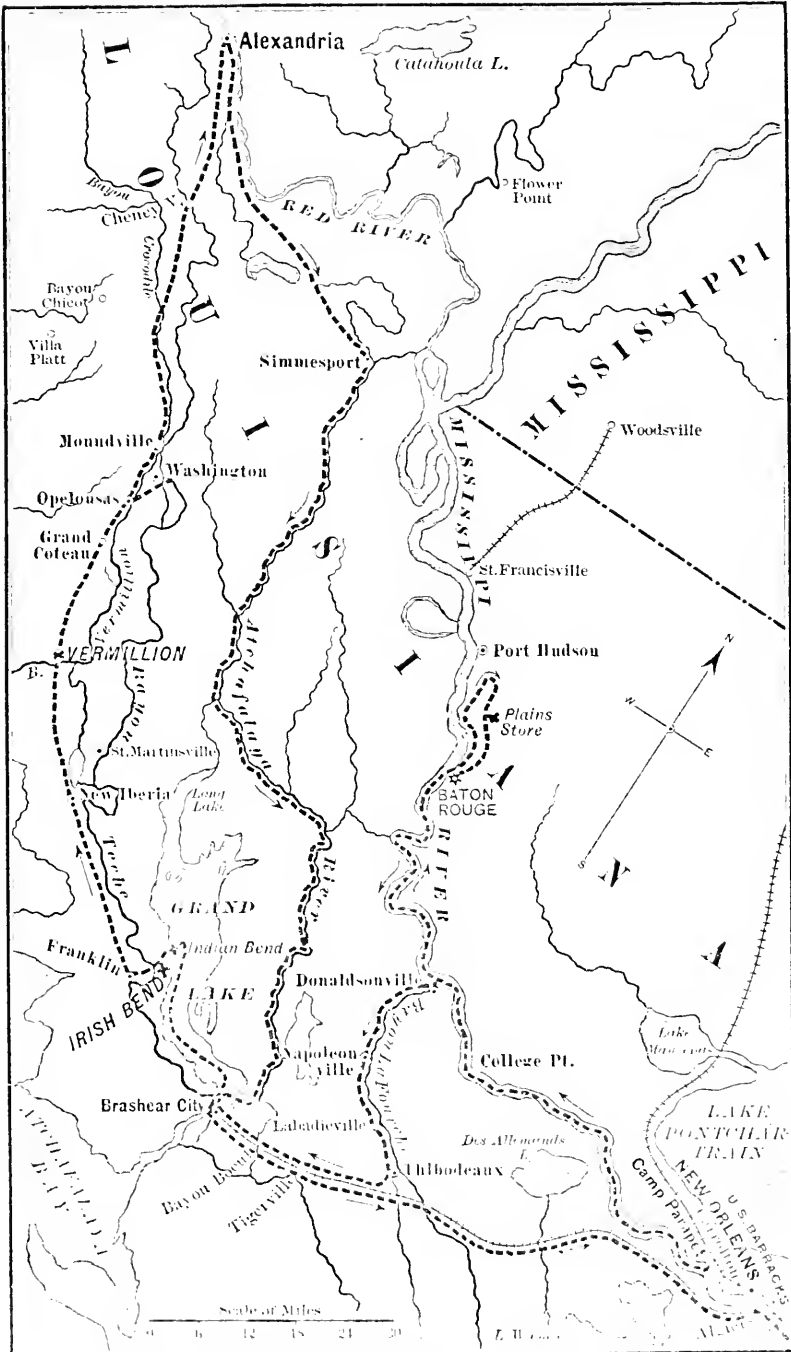
All of this provost business in an army is of the nature of police duty, and as such very often disagreeable to execute, but at the same time the work is necessary, and to properly carry out requires the very best discipline on the part of both officers and men.

This business was accepted as a proper although disagreeable duty by the Sixth, and the regiment proceeded to execute the matter in charge in strict accordance with its orders. It arrested all the varieties of offenders against the *lex militarium* alluded to above, and consigned them to durance in the guard-house. It also picked up and took care of in various ways, all manner of refugees. Ethiopians who had eloped from plantations, stray Louisiana white natives, whose argument usually was that the Confederates had driven them from house and home, but whose mission really was first to pick up information and second to secure any such trifles in the way of quartermaster's or commissary stores as might fall in their way. These people were of both sexes and were of much trouble to the constituted authorities.

The long forced march up to Alexandria, had hardened the men's muscles and bronzed their faces, and as they had previously had grained in on them the absolute necessity of keeping arms, accoutrements and clothes in good order, the battalion when paraded had a hard fighting look about it which commended it to all officers. Two weeks of this

provost duty being satisfactorily performed, and the regiment's term of service having expired nearly a month before this date, higher authority unwillingly came to the conclusion that the Sixth must be sent home.

During this first Red River campaign while the regiment was doing provost duty at Alexandria, Company H happening to go on a scout chanced upon a corn mill in good order, and the Captain immediately commenced his apprenticeship as a miller by acquiring a sufficiency of mules and beginning to grind corn meal for the command.



SIXTH REGIMENT IN LOUISIANA, 1863. Follow Lines.

New Orleans to Carrollton—Camp Parapet—Baton Rouge—Port Hudson—Donaldsonville—Napoleonville—Thibodeaux—Bayou Bend—Brashear City—Grand Lake—Indian Bend—Irish Bend—Franklin—New Iberia—Bayou Vermillion—Opelousa—Washington—Moundville—Alexandria—Simmesport—Agiers—U. S. Barracks, New Orleans.

CHAPTER XI.

Going Home.—Muster Out.

HAVING pretty well surveyed Louisiana, as will be seen by the map on opposite page, and having obeyed all orders and done what it was told to do, and the regiment having more than served its full time of enlistment for two years, there was no possible excuse for longer holding it ; but all the same the necessity of a muster-out was a great military grief to all concerned.

The campaign just ended had for its real objective the capture of Port Hudson, which, joined to the operations against Vicksburg, if successful, would open the great river, and so split the Confederacy in two. But on the part of the Nineteenth army corps the proper preliminary was to drive away or destroy General Dick Taylor's army of Western Louisiana, which if not gotten rid of would naturally remain a menace not only to New Orleans, but to the base of the besieging army or its communications below Baton Rouge.

Now, the strategy of the campaign had been perfectly well worked out so far as the movements were concerned—but had failed so far as destroying Taylor's army went ; still it had shaken him up badly, and for the present he was disabled, and the Nine-

teenth corps was left free to commence its march on Port Hudson.

And at this crucial moment, when the corps, which was largely made up of new and green regiments, needed all the trained men it could get, the absurdity of the plan on which the War Department had enlisted the volunteers of 1861 was demonstrated ; and the Sixth, trained, tried and vigorous, and in fighting potency equal to a full brigade of the 1862 and nine months' men, simply had to be sent home. Truly the economics of the conduct of the civil war were like "The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Nevertheless on the 19th of May, 1863, by virtue of Special Order No. 120, Department of the Gulf, the regiment turned its back on all sorts of military possibilities, and being well hardened to marching, tramped over the forty mile road to Simmesport, on the Atchafalaya, in two days, and was there embarked on steamboats for Brashear City, and thence went by railway to New Orleans, which was reached on May 24th, where it was quartered in the United States Barracks ; and ten days later it embarked on the steamer "Cahawba" for home, having in charge as guests some fifty Confederate officers sent north for exchange.

These gentlemen the Sixth found a very pleasant lot of fellows, and as it is much pleasanter to drink and exchange yarns with a man than to shoot at him, the officers and men got on the best of terms with their friends the enemy, and their companionship did much to lessen the monotony of the voyage to Fortress Monroe, where the captives were landed, and the "Cahawba" steamed northward. Col. Wilson having

a receipt for these officers was free of further responsibility, but somebody in the provost department at Fortress Monroe must have blundered strangely, for instead of sending these people under a proper guard to City Point for exchange, it trusted them insufficiently guarded in a tug boat. The temptation was too strong, and the enterprising fifty stole the tug and safely navigated it and themselves to the shelter of their own lines, all of which was a good joke on somebody.

The "Cahawba" paddled her way up the coast safely and quietly, brought "Highland lights abeam," rounded the low point of Sandy Hook, and in due course tied up at her pier in New York. The regiment disembarked, marched to the City Hall Park Barracks, and after a short delay stacked arms for the last time.

While the regiment was marching up Broadway every eye was attracted to "Billy" the goat, who having survived all sorts of hardships and adventures marched proudly at the head of the column with his horns decked with ribbons, and many people regarded with amusement Private Degan of Company I, who had strapped his pet alligator on his back so tight that the poor reptile died on the march.

On the 25th day of June, 1863, the regiment was mustered out of the United States service, the men were paid, and scattered to their several homes, and so broke up the fair fellowship of the Sixth just at the time when by reason of much labor on the part of officers and men it had been brought into such military condition that it would have been a credit to any service.

Of course the officers of the regiment had the inevitable circus with the various supply departments of the army, and out of the adjustments of accounts came a very good joke to every one concerned except the unfortunate who was the victim, for there happened to be a slight shortage of muskets in the regiment, and a certain ingenious captain who had a deficiency of some twenty pieces adopted the device of helping himself out of the stacks of arms to sufficient of them to fill his requirements. Captain number two followed suit and so on until all the muskets were gone, and the unfortunate who was last, found himself in a very unpleasant controversy with the Ordnance Department, which furnished him employment for a considerable time.

Within a couple of weeks after the muster out the draft riots in New York broke out, and the riotous element of the neighborhood of the city also went out into resistance against the law, and joined to their procedures attacks on life and private property.

In this exigency the citizens of Richmond County (Staten Island) remembered that when the Sixth had been in camp at the old Quarantine Grounds two years before, its good order and discipline had been in such marked contrast to that of other regiments who had rendezvoused on the Island, that they petitioned the Governor (Seymour) in a document signed by their most prominent citizens to request Col. Wilson to come to them with such troops as he could collect and they could raise, and take charge of the county. Governor Seymour acceded promptly, and Col. Wilson with such men as he could find, including

a number of the Sixth, both from New York and a Paterson delegation, and some of his old officers including Captain Heuberer, went down to the island, formed camp, and with a proper system of guards and patrols soon brought things into proper order. In fact the hard brown faces of the veterans of the Sixth at that time were enough to frighten the very souls out of an ordinary mob.

This creditable piece of duty was the last one performed by Col. Wilson and the men of his regiment. Col. Wilson deserved and should have had his star, but in those days the woods were full of brigadiers; while so far as the regiment was concerned instead of trying to reorganize it with the advantage of its excellent organization and *esprit de corps*, officers and men drifted apart, and although numbers of them afterwards did the State good service both on land and sea, the regiment, as a regiment, marched and fought no more.

CHAPTER XII.

Resumé.

IN regard to the association of the Sixth with the regular troops in the Florida garrisons during the years 1861 and 1862, a good deal has already been said. But perhaps it is a necessary repetition to state again that it was close and cordial, and, from an educational point of view, invaluable to the regiment. For, in fact, education is always more the product of imitation than of instruction; and in the instruction of soldiers, given intelligent and brave men with officers of zeal and conduct, the quickest and best results are had if the new troops have under their observation the whole time the example of thoroughly instructed and disciplined soldiers.

The truth of this axiom was not recognized by the War Department during the civil war. If the Secretary had understood the situation, the drilled troops of the regular army would have been used as leaven to leaven the mass. In fact the regular army should have ceased to exist as an organization, and its training and *esprit de corps* should have been devoted to the education of the enthusiastic and willing volunteers who, in many cases, when they first put on the uniform, militarily speaking, did not know their right hands from their left.

In the matter of the battle of Santa Rosa Island, and after a careful study of the official reports of the civil war, published by the War Department of the United States, no one can doubt but that Col. Brown was surprised, and that he did not understand until the affair was over exactly what it all meant.

Perhaps Col. Brown could have found an excuse in this matter, because the instructions in the Department at that time from Washington were, "Do not commit any overt act!" But he should have considered the fact that General Bragg was not under such orders, and that he therefore should have properly protected his position against any attempt on the part of the enemy.

But Col. Brown did not appreciate the position. He did not entrench the Sixth. He did not have the field battery organized, and he did not, when the attack developed itself, rise to the situation until the time was lost. If he had properly diagnosed the affair, the Confederates would have lost in prisoners at least a thousand men, and a steamer or two, and Col. Brown would have won renown.

In consideration of this battle it is not only evident that Col. Harvey Brown was surprised at the time of the action, but also that he did not appreciate the situation of his command. Obviously the enemy having a large force in hand and the command of the bay, would be inclined to land troops on the island and attack the position. In fact, if Bragg had not done so, he would have been absolutely derelict. Every officer then on Santa Rosa, except the commander, recognized such a probability, and yet Col. Brown left the defence of his rear, on which

the attack would naturally fall, to a depleted regiment of infantry, and did not even take the simple precaution of having the camp of the Sixth entrenched and of putting his field battery in order. A very slight entrenchment, with a couple of light twelves to assist the muskets would—judging from the stubborn way in which the Sixth, surprised, uncovered and outnumbered held their ground—have ensured a bloody repulse of Anderson's column, and the ensuing pursuit promptly pressed would have resulted in the capture of most of the enemy, which would, at that stage of the war, have very likely converted Col. Brown into a major-general. There was not a regular officer then at Santa Rosa and very few volunteers who would not have taken such obvious precautions, and so the regret is that Col. Brown had not sooner been relieved by Gen. L. J. Arnold, or by Closson, or Langdon, or Pennington, or Col. Wilson, or any other man of the able staff then at the post.

After the occupation of Pensacola there were, as stated in this history, several expeditions to places in the neighborhood, which were as being directed against the enemy's public property quite proper. In one of these toward Oakfield a detachment from a Maine regiment lost fifteen men. The Sixth did very little of this, but on one occasion the picket reserve of Company A, among them corporal John Smith and John S. McLoughlin, did go out to Oakfield and was run in, but the men were too well trained to be "grabbed," and so came back bringing with them two of their wounded.

In this history two prominent men, who held high

commands, have been severely criticised. One of these officers is Gen. Banks, who commanded the Department of the Gulf when the Sixth was in service in Louisiana. Criticism on Banks as a general officer needs no palliation. Gen. Banks was a clever man and an adroit politician and parliamentarian, but for a military leader he had only one qualification, that of personal courage. Apart from that he was an absolute detrimental. In the valley of the Shenandoah he was known as "Stonewall Jackson's commissary," and in Louisiana he "muffed" the first Red River campaign, mismanaged the siege of Port Hudson, and wound up his career by being absolutely thrashed in the second Red River campaign by an inferior force, although the troops under his command were sufficient, with the auxiliary fleet, to have driven Dick Taylor's army to the Texas frontier if required, and the only reason that they did not do so was the incompetence of the commanding general, who was beaten personally, while his army was confident and enthusiastic.

The other general officer over whom animadversions have been made in this book, is Gen. Cuvier Grover, these strictures being based on his conduct of the flanking column during the early part of the first Red River campaign. Now, the difference between Banks and Grover in a military way was very marked. Banks was neither soldier or general. Grover was both. He was a trained and educated officer and a valiant and enduring man, and understood thoroughly well the art of organizing, subsisting and handling troops. His error in distance and point of disembarkation during the operations which resulted in the actions of Indian and Irish Bends was patent at the time to every

man engaged, and is still more evident now to the student of the campaign ; but it is just to Gen. Grover to say that the positions were not at that date so well known as now, and that the orders and directions emanating from a staff controlled by Gen. Banks were probably calculated to mislead a Hannibal.

Gen. Dwight, who commanded the brigade in which was the Sixth, deserves a brief mention. William Dwight came of a good Boston family and had gone through a portion of the West Point course. He was brave and aggressive ; but, like a good many other officers during the civil war, labored under a fancied likeness to the first Napoleon, and was very much inclined to arbitrary and severe punishments entirely outside of the regulations of the army. His peremptory and illegal executions of a couple of men during the first Red River campaign were in the line of his mentality, and he should have thanked his stars that the Nineteenth army corps, at the time, was not commanded by a soldier ; for, if it had been so, General Dwight would very properly have been court-martialed and broken for these outrages on discipline.

I have several times censured the stupid and extravagant way in which the high authorities, during the civil war, raised the volunteer troops. At the risk of being accused of repetition I propose to say a few words more on this subject.

When the civil war began, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of the North was at flood tide, and every man felt the firing on the flag at Sumter as a personal insult, recruits of the very best quality were

obtainable to any extent. In fact, in those days men lied about their age, paid money and were ready to do almost anything to win the privilege of even carrying a musket. A wise administration of the War Department would have taken advantage of this outburst of patriotism and have so regulated affairs that to enthusiasm would have succeeded discipline and *esprit de corps*, so that in the succeeding years the fighting ages of the country could have been drawn upon in a regulated and orderly fashion.

Any regular officer of the then existent staff could have arranged this matter, and have seen to it that the regiments of the 1861 call were raised from districts according to population and enlisted for the war, and that such districts were held responsible for a sufficient number of recruits to keep the ranks full, and that, except in rare instances, promotions were from the ranks. If some plan as this had been adopted (and in the State of Wisconsin where there seems to have been an unusual quantity of sense about the State House, this principle was rigorously adhered to with most excellent results), it is more than probable that the cost in time, blood and money of the civil war would have been reduced by a quarter. After the first call there should not have been an additional regiment raised. Any increase of organization found necessary in the army should have been met by raising second or third battalions. A recruiting party, affording an opportunity for change of scene and life, should have been kept in each regimental district, and instead of paying bounties to the later enlistments,

which course had the effect of disgusting the old soldiers who had borne the "heat and burden of the day," the pay of officer and man should have been raised in proportion to the rise in prices and wages consequent on the depreciation of the paper dollar. In 1861, the United States paid eleven dollars a month to an enlisted man, and this sum had then a purchasing power equivalent to some thirty dollars in 1864, and the faithful men who had staid by the colors should have had their pay adjusted to the times. By this course all the foul bounty business, with its demoralizing results, would have been avoided, and the older men being justly treated and getting to feel their regiment as a home to be proud of, would not only have disciplined each recruit, but would have been efficient recruiting agencies themselves. But, alas! the army of lions was under the control of politicians, who were either ignorant sheep or designing foxes, and so force, money and life were wasted; and the army practically had to beat two enemies, the one in front, and the more dangerous because more insidious one in the rear. Perhaps if the country had to go into the business of improvising armies again, people in place might profit by the lessons of the civil war, but it is gravely doubtful whether any such good thing would happen.

THE officers now known to be living are Captains Heuberer, Bailey, McNutt, Denslow and Kaufman, Chaplain Nash, Quartermaster Robarts, Lieutenants Entwisle, Wildman, Duffy, Hanham, Roddy, Russell, Wallace and Gill. Of these Captain Heuberer was twice mentioned in general orders.

Captain Bailey was known as a good disciplinarian and a brave man, and while on duty with the regulars in the batteries was honorably mentioned in the report of the commanding officer of the Department, and afterwards in the field retained the affection of the men and his fellow officers. In this, Captain Kaufman (who then was his Lieutenant) shared all the honors, and was known as a very cool, brave man in whatever duty he was called on to perform.

Captain Denslow was so valuable an officer in bureau work that he was almost constantly on detached duty either as judge advocate, inspector, and on the staff of the commanding general. He afterwards won promotion in the field, both in the Gulf Department and with Sheridan's army, retiring with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and colonel by brevet.

Captain McNutt is an old soldier of varied experience; as an officer of the Sixth he showed bravery and his men were always ready to follow. After muster-out with the Sixth he again went to the front, was twice wounded, and was mentioned in general orders, and complimented on the field by the commanding general for brave services.

Chaplain Nash is a man among many. The innum-

erable deeds of charity and Christian work done by him have endeared his name to all who knew him. *Unselfish* is the word to be used in describing him, and nothing more need be said.

Lieutenant Robarts was ardent in his profession, he had been always militarily inclined, having served with several independent companies, and in Company E, Seventh Regiment N. Y. S. M., and at the breaking out of hostilities received an autograph letter of thanks from the Secretary of War for valuable information furnished in relation to the impending crisis. He was first attached to Company G, then for a short time during the absence and sickness of the officers was in command of Company E; was adjutant to the battalion in the occupation of Pensacola, and was shortly after promoted to be regimental quartermaster. Subsequently at Carrollton, La., was acting brigade quartermaster, and at Baton Rouge was brigade commissary.

Of Lieutenants Entwisle, Wildman, Thos. Duffy and Gill, nothing can be said in this book to enhance their standing. And of the other officers now distant from our Society and whose report none are present to write up, all that can be said is they did their duty like good soldiers, they obeyed all orders and at the end were discharged with honor to themselves and the arm of the service in which they were engaged.

April, 1891.

RECOLLECTIONS.

When arranging material for this History, comrades were asked to supply facts that would interest readers. The following, derived from recollections of the writers and from conversations with members, will show that comrades have kept each other in remembrance.

Shortly after the election in 1860, around a table in Wally Mason's hotel, Hudson street, New York, some visitors (among them James Entwisle and James W. Burgess, afterwards officers in the Sixth regiment), were talking over the effect on the country of the election of President Lincoln and the secession ordinances then being discussed in the Southern States. Our colonel, William Wilson, gave his opinion that fighting would be the result. Soon after this conversation Mr. Wilson wrote to Governor Morgan, offering to raise a regiment or brigade of volunteers to be ready when the government should need them. This letter was acknowledged, but authority to organize a regiment was not given until the President's call for troops was issued. That day Col. Wilson enlisted about eight hundred men, who were then known as Wilson Zouaves, and afterwards as the Sixth Regiment Infantry New York Volunteers.

The offer to recruit a regiment was the *first* made in the State; and the first six companies in that regiment were mustered into service several days before any portion of the five New York regiments preceding it in numerical designation. It was one of the *original thirty-eight* regiments whose members enlisted without thought of pay, bounty or pensions—whose services were needed, and who went without a murmur.

In June, 1861, under sealed orders, the regiment left New York on the steamer "Vanderbilt." When the orders were opened at sea, it was found that Fort Pickens, the most important fortress on the Mexican Gulf, was its destination. [The necessity of retaining this fort for our government was so great that the President, by his own written command, had previously reinforced it by ordering six companies of artillery and two companies of infantry, and a large quantity of ordnance, quartermasters and commissary supplies to that post.]

Arriving at Santa Rosa Island, Florida, on the westerly point of which island Fort Pickens is situated, the men and their supplies and ammunition were landed, and a camp was laid out, tents pitched, and drilling commenced. Under the instructions of the regular officers at the fort who were detailed to assist Col. Wilson, the men soon became good soldiers. Some companies were drilled at heavy guns in the fort and batteries, and two companies B and E were sent to Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, while company A was sent to Key West. These three companies also had the benefit of instruction with regular troops, (as no volunteers were sent to this Department until the winter of 1861-62). Among the men who were conspicuous for soldierly qualities and good conduct in company A were Sergt. John Smith, John S. McLaughlin, William Welch, Washington Irving Johnson and J. B. Reddie; and in company B may be mentioned Owen Craig, Richard L. Taylor, Jas. Comerford, James Gaffney, John McHale, Thos. Walsh and musician Robert Adams. In company E were Thos. Smith, John McCarrick, Jas. F. Wood, John O. Silvey, David Bayard, Henry Oatgen and George Black. All these men won the approbation of their own officers and that of the regular officers and men for their industry and pride in the service which they had adopted, and when in March, 1862, they were transferred back to Santa Rosa Island, their

regimental headquarters, at first they rather put on airs of superiority, which they soon however saw was misplaced, as their fellow companies had been just as hard at work making themselves proficient.

Meantime companies I and G had been detached to Batteries Lincoln and Cameron, where they did duty with the regulars, and such men of company G as Corporal Philip A. Carroll, Francis Donnelly, Wm. Gillen, Geo. Hack, Geo. Harvey, Samuel Keeler, Chas. Schuh; and of company I, as Sergeants Peter Tawse, Jacob H. Theberath, Samuel Walker and James Smith, and Abraham Butterworth, John J. Bulger, Wm. Marshall, John Oldham, James Murray, James Robinson and Robert Bridge, for military bearing, good conduct, and as gunners in the batteries were hard to beat. In the battle of Santa Rosa fought on the 9th October 1861, and the two bombardments of Fort Pickens, these two companies were honorably mentioned, and the officers and men well deserved the praise they received.

In this 9th October fight, the men of company C were early on duty and suffered severely, and of those now alive Jas. Brady, C. J. Campbell, August Freund, Robert Gill (afterwards Sergt. Major and then Lieutenant), Sidney A. Nichols, Christ. Stuart, John W. Stickelman, J. J. Wolfer, and Sergeant John Wellington, were honorably mentioned and did excellent service.

Of D company, Sergeant Thos. Duffy (afterwards promoted to Lieutenant), William McHenry, Daniel Grogan, Lewis Powley, A. J. Quinn, W. H. Cook, and Charles O'Connor, were always on hand, and could be relied on for any duty required of them.

Of F company, Privates Frank J. Drakert, James P. Murray, James Dunkerly, John Higgins and Sergt. Michael Dougherty were never behind their companions in arms.

Of H company, Wm. Knappmann, John Gannon, Edward Cassidy, Chas. Joachim, Jas. Kielt, J. B.

Tooker, Chas. West and B. Simon. John J. Shaughnessy was wounded in the battle of Santa Rosa and was the first man taken prisoner (see page 133).

Of K company, Lewis Kannapel, Henry Nordt and Jacob Ulrich will always be remembered by their comrades as steadfast friends. Sergeant Kannapel was with the Paris Mobiles in the Revolution of 1849, and was wounded. He arrived in New York a year later, and subsequently became a member of the 55th Regiment N. Y. S. M., but at the commencement of hostilities preferring active service joined the Sixth.

There are a large number of men (in fact nearly all in the regiment) whose names at this distance of time cannot be recalled, who are as deserving of mention as the beforenamed non-commissioned officers and privates, and who must not be offended or jealous if they do not see their names in print. The conduct of these men at Santa Rosa, Pensacola, Baton Rouge, Indian Bend, Irish Bend, Vermillion Bayou, and all the places where a scout, a skirmish, or a fight was on hand was good, as all the officers of the accompanying regular and volunteer forces will testify.

The writer has not in this sketch said anything about the officers, as they, generally, when deserving, get their names forward, and they must not be offended if they are proscribed in this.

There were many incidents that may be interesting to remind comrades of: such as the good times at Staten Island in 1861; how some ladies of that neighborhood were desirous of going with the regiment as nurses, and what a crying time some of them had when the band played "The girl I left behind me." What dry throats so many men had the second day on board the "Vanderbilt" and when they drank the ship's water, how much sicker that made their sea-sickness. The consternation among the superstitious when the comrade of company H jumped overboard and was drowned. The wetting they got when landing in the surf at Santa Rosa Island. The

fun they had with "Lanty's" dog, and the goat. The many ways of taking it easy on guard duty. The tricks played by the "boats crews" in wetting the landing passengers, and the inventive genius displayed by these crews in procuring contraband goods for themselves and friends. The supply of hair tonic which a sutler brought to Pensacola, with directions that if mixed with hot water and sugar and drank it would improve every hair on the head. The white bean checks, and the free use of blankets to cover the candle's light after taps and prolong the game. How acceptable were the crackers and whiskey issued by the post quartermaster, Capt. Shipley, from a cart after the enemy were driven from the Island on the 9th October, 1861, and the efforts made by every one to make things comfortable after that fight—money, clothing and rations all had been destroyed.

Who does not remember Charley Wildman's happy face when issuing the half-gill ration after hard service, and how pleased all hands were when the same Chas. C. Wildman was promoted to lieutenant. Then came Abe Haskins and Thomas Smith in the quartermasters department who were always scheming to do the companies a good turn when issuing rations.

The theatre at Pensacola, the fun at that place and New Orleans, and the tragedy at College Point must be in most men's recollections, and when we got to Baton Rouge how the men used to dress up when off duty and make friends with the ladies by presenting coffee grounds, beans, etc.—no rations went to waste at Baton Rouge—the resident families were always willing to make friends and receive additions for their food preserves.

Then the soaking rain on the raid to the back of Port Hudson, and what a plastering of mud we got on our clothing while on the march through the cotton fields and back to Baton Rouge; and the gallant conduct of Lieut. Entwisle in chasing and cutting down a rebel cavalryman.

Then the march through the beautiful La Fourche district, with its rose bushes and orange trees—the luxurious flower patches and large blackberries—and on to Brashear City. The crowded transports on Grand Lake on the trip to Indian Bend, and the fighting and marching from this point to Alexandria.

The march from Alexandria to Simmesport and the trip by steamer and railroad to New Orleans; the pleasant time for a few days in the United States barracks, where every man and officer set to work cleaning himself, and clothing and equipments, previous to embarking on the steamer for home and muster-out; and when on the steamer the many games of chance played, which sent a number on shore at New York penniless.

It is hoped these few reminders will not be taken amiss, but that many of them may be the theme when comrades meet and talk over old times.

Narrative of JOHN J. SHAUGHNESSY, of Company II, Sixth Regiment, New York Volunteers, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Santa Rosa Island, October 9th, 1861.

About an hour before daylight on the morning of the 9th of October, 1861, my side-partner named O'Brien, doing picket duty on the island of Santa Rosa, and I had been talking together for some little time when he resumed his duty, and I had started to do my turn. Shortly after leaving me O'Brien saw in the distance, and coming towards him, what appeared to be a Union officer, being dressed in the uniform of one, and there seemed to be no doubt but that it was one. When, however he came within hailing distance, O'Brien cried out "Who comes there?" The officer answered, "An officer with the countersign." As there had been no countersign issued from headquarters, (the line on which O'Brien and myself were stationed being only formed from evening until morning), the sentry waited until the apparent officer came close up to him, when in an instant he raised his musket and shot the bogus officer dead. Scarcely had the report of O'Brien's musket died away in the early morning stillness when he, poor fellow, fell pierced by at least twenty bullets. Realizing from the firing and commotion in the direction in which O'Brien was that something had happened, I raised my musket and fired in the direction where the volley came from. I did not have much time for thinking after that, for a bullet whistled through my hair and just scratched the skin turning it up as it passed me by. A blow from a musket was my next experience; unlike the harmless passing bullet however, the blow knocked me senseless, and an examination afterward showed the fact that three of my ribs had been broken by the blow. When I became conscious the sun was shining brightly and believing that the rebels had passed on to attack our camp, I began to consider how I could escape the enemy on their return, believing that they

must necessarily pass that way. If I could manage to hide until they had passed I might expect to make my way back to camp in a short time. Seeing a thick clump of bushes in the distance, about a half a mile from where I was, I made up my mind to reach it somehow and secrete myself thus among the thick underbrush. I started for this haven and had gone but a short distance when all of a sudden, as if by magic I beheld the reserve of the enemy a short distance in front of me. I tried to sneak back, hoping that I had not been seen ; but it was too late, as a musket ball followed by a summons to halt had the desired effect. I was told to stand still, which of course I did, until four men came to where I stood and I was captured and made a prisoner, thus commencing a term of imprisonment which lasted almost twelve months, part of which time death would have been hailed with delight and welcomed as the way by which our miseries could be allayed or ended.

The attacking party having failed in their attempt to surprise and capture our comrades, we sailed for Pensacola the same day. There were sixteen volunteers and eight regulars captured, and upon landing at Pensacola I was taken before the general of the division. Here the ladies of the household gave me quite a lecture about coming down there to take their property and houses, etc. While listening to the remarks of the ladies, one of them observing that I leaned very much on one side and suffered the most intense pain which must have been detected in my countenance, asked me if I was hurt. I told her I did not know, but supposed there was something the matter. I was then kindly turned over to the care of two negroes and an examination revealed the fact that three of my ribs had been broken. I was afterwards taken to the Town Hall at Pensacola, where I first made the discovery that I was not the only one captured, but that I had fifteen comrades with me to keep me company. From this place we were all

bundled on board of a steamboat one day, taken to the Pensacola Navy Yard and placed in the marine barracks. After becoming well acquainted with everything and everybody in and about the barracks we were transferred to Montgomery, Alabama, where we were assigned to the care of a member of the celebrated Calhoun family of South Carolina, who kindly relieved us of all our money and doled it out to us whenever he considered that we needed, or as we asked for it. Here we were treated very well, and began to think that being a prisoner-of-war was not such a very hard fate as it seemed. We were destined however, to change our opinion in this respect.

From here we were removed to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, when our first trial experience as prisoners-of-war began in earnest. Here the notorious Wirz, who was afterwards hanged in Washington for his cruelties to Union soldiers, had charge of the unfortunate captives. It was here that I saw two of my comrades handcuffed together, and while being marched up and down the yard, saw them brutally cowhided. Another day a young dude of a Southerner while doing picket duty deliberately rested his musket on a fence that surrounded the prison and taking aim shot the eye out of one of the Union prisoners while he was looking out of a window of the prison, and there was never anything done about it, the same picket doing duty as usual afterwards.

While here we were compelled to take an oath not to take up arms against the Confederacy until we were regularly exchanged. Of course we were elated at the prospect of being exchanged soon. This taking the oath, however, was a very shrewd trick on the part of the rebels, as by doing it in this instance they were assured that we would not give any trouble in being transferred from one place to another. Instead of being exchanged, as we supposed we were to be, we were landed in Salisbury, North Carolina, not however, until after we had been kept tramping

around the country for about fifteen days. Here we were destined to remain for the balance of our imprisonment, or until released in August or September, having been about eleven months in prison. The commandant at Salisbury was a son of the Governor of Maryland—I think his name was Bradley. Our treatment here was all that could be expected, with the exception of the “grub” furnished, which was scant and not very palatable even at that—Indian meal and cattle beans being the principal food supplies for the prisoners. While here, scurvy broke out among the prisoners, and for want of medicines and fresh vegetables to use as remedies, some of the sick were put in trenches and given mud baths. Before leaving Salisbury we were again compelled to take the oath not to take up arms against the Confederacy until regularly exchanged. We were taken from Salisbury to Tarboro, thence down the Tar River on cotton scows, the journey occupying two or three days, and landed at a small place called Washington, under a flag of truce. We were there placed on board a small steamer named the “Schoolboy” and taken to Newbern, North Carolina, where we were removed to the steamer “Admiral,” and after a pleasant voyage, landed at Governor’s Island, New York Harbor.

MEMORANDA.

The following memoranda is inserted here to confirm statements in the pages of this history, and will be found interesting :—

UNION VOLUNTEERS!

All who have signed the roll of the Wilson Volunteers, will meet at 618 Broadway, N. Y., Friday evening, April 19th, 1861, at 8 o'clock. All the Company rolls must be handed in, with the names of the officers.

WILLIAM WILSON, Colonel.

General Headquarters, State of New York,

Adjutant General's Office,

Special Orders No. 61.

Albany, April 20, 1861.

Colonel William Wilson, of New York City, is hereby appointed temporarily colonel of the regiment he has raised. His appointment to date on the 19th of April, 1861. He will report himself and command forthwith to the President of the United States at Washington City. If practicable, before leaving New York the regiment will be mustered into the service of the State. Major Robert Hubbell will preside at the election of company officers, and Brig-Gen. Yates will preside at the election of field officers. If not practicable the organization will be completed on the passage, and reported to this office. Colonel Wilson will make requisition on the commanding general for the necessary arms and ammunition. General Sandford will provide the requisite steam transportation, and supplies for this regiment for one month.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief

J. MEREDITH REED,

To Colonel WM. WILSON,

Adjutant General.

618 Broadway, New York City.

General Headquarters, State of New York,
 Adjutant General's Office,
 Special Orders No. 91. Albany, April 25th, 1861.
 "Extract."

Pursuant to General Orders No. 13, of April 18th, 1861, and upon the returns of Lieut. Col. Henry A. Weeks, the officer detailed for the mustering of the companies of volunteers in the city of New York in the Sixth Regiment Volunteer Militia numbered from "A" to "F" inclusive, certifying that the officers named in the several election returns have been elected and upon the return of Brig. Gen. Charles Yates, commanding officer at the depot at New York, the officer detailed to hold an election for field officers of the same regiment, which return is dated April 24th, 1861, such regiment is hereby notified that it has been accepted into the service of the State with the following named officers, Col. Wm. Wilson and others.

Col. Wilson will at once report himself and command to Brig.-Gen. Yates, commanding the depot of volunteers at New York.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
 J. MEREDITH REED.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.

Headquarters Department of Florida,
 "Extract." Fort Pickens, Nov. 25th, 1861.

* * * * *

My officers, non-commissioned officers and privates were everything I could desire. They one and all performed their duty with the greatest cheerfulness and in the most able and efficient manner. * *

Captains Dobie's and Bailey's companies were with the batteries at Lincoln and Cameron, and did their duty faithfully and efficiently. The companies of Captains Heuberer and Duffy were on duty at the Fort and rendered cheerfully important assistance.

The regular companies engaged at the batteries all of whom performed their duty so efficiently as to preclude my making a distinction, are companies A, F, L, 1st Artillery; C, H, K, 2d Artillery; C, E, 3d Infantry, and companies G and I, 6th Regiment Volunteers.

* * * * *

HARVEY BROWN, Col. Commanding.

To Brig.-Gen. LORENZO THOMAS,

Adjt. Gen'l U. S. A., Washington.

New York, January 2d, 1862.

Col. WM. WILSON, 6th Regt. N. Y. Vols.

DEAR SIR: The undersigned Committee on National Affairs of the Common Council of the City of New York, have the honor of presenting the Sixth Regt. N. Y. Vols., with the accompanying "Regimental Color," in compliance with resolution of said Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 6th, 1861. Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, October 28th, 1861. Approved by the Mayor, November 7th, 1861.

GEO. A. BARNEY, Secy.

ANDRE FROMENT, Chairman.

Headquarters, 1st Division,

Dept. of the Gulf, Carrollton, La., Nov. 30th, 1862.

COLONEL: I am directed by General Sherman to say, that he expects as senior officer of the "2d Brigade" you will assume command of the brigade.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

WICKHAM HOFFMAN, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Headquarters, 1st Division,

Dept. of the Gulf, Carrollton, La., Dec. 9th, 1862.

COLONEL: I am directed by General Sherman, the commanding general, to notify you as senior officer present, that he will be absent from camp for a few days.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

WICKHAM HOFFMAN, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Special Orders No. 23

"Extract."

Headquarters, Dept. of the Gulf,

Cotocele, near Vermillionville, La.

April 19, 1863.

SOLDIERS! You have learned to endure fatigue, suffered privation, conquered difficulties and achieved victories, you have defeated the enemy, dispersing his army and destroying his navy. In twenty days you have marched three hundred miles, fought four engagements, expelled him from his fortifications, driven him at the point of the bayonet, from Berwick Bay to Opelousas. Captured ten guns and 2,000 prisoners, including some of his best officers of all arms, and made the reorganization of his forces for the present impossible by depriving him of all the material resources of war. Destroying his foundries and demolishing his salt works, that for two years has sustained the life of the Confederacy. New glories are before us, let us honor the flag we bear, and remember, that to defy danger is to drive it into the ranks of the enemy.

By command of Maj. Gen. BANKS.

RICH. B. IRWIN, Lieut. Col., A. A. Gen.

Special Orders

No. 37.

Headquarters 1st Brigade Grover's Division.

Moundville, La., April 29, 1863.

The Brig.-General commanding this *advanced* brigade, congratulates the command on the manner in which the march was performed—the service was *honored*. The march was long and rendered difficult by the mud, yet the command crossed the bridge at the bayou after the march in perfect order and well closed up. Soldiers who can march thus, deserve the respect and admiration of all officers.

By command of WM. DWIGHT.

Brig.-Gen. commanding 1st Brig.

W. B. HUNT, 1st Lieut. 131st N. Y. V., A. A. A. Gen.

Headquarters Department of the Gulf, 19th Army Corps,
Special Orders No. 111. Alexandria, La., May 9th, 1863.

"Extract."

7. Brig.-Gen. Dwight will detail the 6th N. Y. V. to report to Col. C. C. Dwight, provost marshal general, immediately, to relieve the seven companies of Gen. Weitzel's brigade now on duty as provost guard in this town. The latter on being relieved will rejoin their respective regiments.

Signed, By command of Maj. Gen. BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Headquarters 1st Brigade, Grover's Div.,
Official, Signed, Camp near Alexandria, La., May 9th, 1863.
WM. B. HUNT, 1st Lieut. and A. A. A. Gen.

Headquarters Department of the Gulf, 19th Army Corps,
Special Orders No. 116. Alexandria, La., May 14th, 1863.
"Extract."

3. The 6th N. Y. will to-day be relieved from duty as provost guard of Alexandria, and will report to the commanding officer of the 3d Division to accompany the march of that Division to Simmesport, whence the regiment will be ordered to New Orleans.

Signed, By command of Maj. Gen. BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Headquarters 1st Brigade, Grover's Div.,
Official, Alexandria, La., May 14th, 1863.
WM. B. HUNT, 1st Lieut. and A. A. A. Gen.

Headquarters 1st Brigade, Grover's Division,
Special Orders 45. Alexandria, La., May 15, 1863.
To the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the Sixth
Regiment N. Y. Volunteers:

The Commanding General of the Brigade cannot allow the Sixth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers to leave the Department of the Gulf and the service of the U. S. without conveying to them his appreciation of their conduct as men and their valor as soldiers during the present movements since the landing of this

command at Irish Bend, La., on the 15th of April, 1863, until their arrival at Alexandria on the 8th of May, 1863, an interval in which the regiment endured the hardships of service, marching under an almost tropical sun, and during which they encountered the enemy three (3) times, sustaining well their reputation for endurance and bravery. With regret that the Government should have lost the services of this regiment, though the time has arrived for its members to enjoy their merited repose.

By order of WM. DWIGHT, Brig. Gen'l

Comdg, 1st. Brig. Grover's Div. 19th Army Corps.
W. B. HUNT, A. A. Gen'l.

Headquarters Department of the Gulf, 19th Army Corps,

Simmes' Plantation, opp. Simmesport, La.,

Special Orders No. 120.

May 19th, 1863.

"Extract."

The 6th N. Y. Volunteers will proceed at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning with two days rations, on the steamer "Laurel Hill" to Brashear City, thence by railway to New Orleans, and thence as soon as possible by transport steamer to New York, where it will be mustered out of the service of the U. S., by reason of the expiration of the term for which it was enlisted. The Quartermasters Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

By command of Maj. Gen. BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Asst. Adj. Gen.

Off "Fortress Monroe,"

On board "Steamer Cahawba," June 8th, 1863.

A meeting of the Confederate officers (50 in number, prisoners-of-war), having been called for the purpose of tendering a vote of thanks to Col. Wilson, officers and men, of the 6th Regt. N. Y. Vols.

The meeting was organized by Captain E. W. Fuller by calling Judge E. McGowan to the chair, and appointing Capt. Eugene Holmes Secretary. On motion of Capt. Fuller a committee was appointed to

draft Resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Whereupon the chair appointed the following officers as that committee, viz :

Capt. E. W. FULLER,	Col. A. R. WITT,
Capt. O. J. SEMMES,	Capt. J. M. YOUNGBLOOD,
Capt. G. L. FASILIER,	Capt. J. J. ATKINSON,
Lieut. A. P. MORSE,	

Capt. Fuller, from the committee, reported the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That we tender our gratitude and thanks to Col. Wm. Wilson, his officers and men of the 6th N. Y. Vol., for the kind and courteous treatment received at their hands during our passage from New Orleans to Fortress Monroe.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be handed to Col. Wilson, with the request that they be published in the New York City papers.

EDWARD MCGOWAN, Chairman.

Capt. EUGENE HOLMES, Secy.

New York, July 15th, 1863.

To His Excellency HORATIO SEYMOUR,
Governor of the State of New York.

The undersigned, at present residents of Staten Island, do hereby solicit your excellency, in view of the existence of a riotous mob on that Island, to place Col. Wm. Wilson in command of such organized bodies as may be raised by the citizens, or detailed by your excellency, to protect the lives and property of the citizens of said Island and to suppress such riotous demonstrations.

We also request that transportation and subsistence may be afforded by the State for the men under Col. Wilson's command.

ALEX. N. GUNN, M.D.

A. D. RUSSEL.

and others.

I approve of the within request and authorize the appointment of Col. Wilson. He is requested to see Col. Tompkins on reaching Richmond County.

July 15th, 1863.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Appendix No. 1.

New York, June 13, 1861.

COLONEL: I enclose with this a copy of a letter addressed to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Townsend, chief of General Scott's staff. In pursuance of the instructions contained therein, the Governor of the State has designated your Regiment for the service contemplated, and I fully endorse the selection of the Governor, as I believe that no Regiment from the State is better fitted for going on this expedition, on account of its discipline and good spirit. I enclose you sundry letters, which I hope you will deliver safely in person. I do not know what are the precise instructions of the steamer, but I think she is to touch at Key West and Tortugas. At both of these places inquiries should be made for Colonel Brown. Full supplies of camp and garrison equipage and of clothing are sent with the Regiment, and in addition 80,000 rounds of ammunition. All of these things should be particularly looked after by your quartermaster after you arrive, so that they may be kept by the Regiment. If you can obtain lumber at Pickens, I advise that you make sheds and pitch the tents under them. Believing that your Regiment will do its officers and State credit, and wishing you all possible success and a safe journey,

I am, very respectfully yours,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Colonel 12th Infantry, U. S. Army.

Colonel W. WILSON, 6th Regiment, New York Vols.

Appendix No. 2.

Executive Mansion, Washington, April 1, 1861.

Lieut. D. D. Porter, U. S. N.

SIR: You will proceed to New York, and with the least possible delay assume command of any naval steamer available, proceed to Pensacola Harbor, and at any cost or risk prevent any expedition from the main land reaching Fort Pickens or Santa Rosa. This order, its object, and your destination will be communicated to no person whatever, until you reach the harbor of Pensacola.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Recommended: W. H. SEWARD.

Also the following despatch sent to Capt. A. H. Foote, commandant at Brooklyn Navy Yard:

SIR: Fit out the *Powhattan* without delay. Lieut. Porter will relieve Capt. Mercer in command of her. She is bound on secret service, and you will under no circumstance communicate to any one the fact that she is fitting out.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Appendix No. 3.

CONSOLIDATED MORNING REPORT, Sixth Regiment
Infantry, New York Volunteers, Companies C,
D, F, H and K.

DATE.	SICK.	ON EXTRA DUTY.	COM. OFFICERS FOR DUTY.	ENLISTED MEN FOR DUTY.
1861, Sept. 24th.....	63	79	14	232
" Oct. 10th.....	57	54	14	253
" " 11th.....	..	55	14	254
" " 12th.....	..	57	14	245
" " 13th.....	..	57	15	239
" " 14th.....	..	57	15	237
" " 15th.....	..	57	15	234
" " 16th.....	..	54	18	231
" " 17th.....	..	53	18	226
" " 18th.....	..	56	15	236
" " 19th.....	..	57	15	235
" " 20th.....	..	57	15	233
" " 21st.....	..	57	15	242
" " 22d.....	..	62	15	239
" " 23d.....	..	65	15	242
" " 24th.....	..	65	15	240
" " 25th.....	..	66	15	242
" " 26th.....	..	67	16	239
" " 27th.....	..	66	15	234
" " 28th.....	..	66	15	242
" " 29th.....	..	66	15	237
" " 30th.....	..	67	13	241
* " 31st.....	49	67	13	243
" Nov. 12th.....	36	48	11	190
" " 20th.....	41	43	10	188

Company A was at Key West; Companies B and E were at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas; and Companies G and I were at Batteries Lincoln and Cameron, outposts of Fort Pickens.

The apparent discrepancies in numbers from day to day, are accounted for by the fact that books and papers were destroyed, the hospital removed, and by other occurrences which make disorder in active service.

* Muster Roll of October 31st, 1861, corresponds with morning report of same date.

MUSTER-OUT ROLL.

The following named officers and men were mustered out of the United States Service, June 25th, 1863, at New York City :

Colonel, William Wilson, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. V.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Michael Cassady.
Major, James W. Burgess.
Surgeon, Philo C. Pease.
Assistant-Surgeon, Edmund Lynch.
Chaplain, Michael Nash.
Adjutant, James J. Heary.
Quartermaster, Thomas J. Roberts.
Quartermaster-Sergeant, C. R. Goerck.
Commissary-Sergeant, Abram Haskins.
Hospital Steward, George T. Hamilton.
Fife Major, Charles Kessler.

Captain Robert H. Hazeltine,	Captain Charles E. Heuberer,
Captain Joseph G. McNutt,	Captain Robert Bailey,
Captain William B. Kaufman,	Captain Henry L. Hoelzle.
Captain James H. Dobie,	

1st Lieut. Edgar W. Ruckel,	1st Lieut. Jacob Silloway,
1st Lieut. Virginius Vangeison,	1st Lieut. George L. Russell,
1st Lieut. Robert Roddy,	1st Lieut. James Entwisle.

2d Lieut. William H. Taylor,	2d Lieut. John T. Barker,
2d Lieut. Alexander H. Wallace,	2d Lieut. Glenn Putman,
2d Lieut. Wilson Miller,	2d Lieut. Charles C. Wildman,
2d Lieut. Thomas Duffly,	2d Lieut. Robert Gill.

COMPANY A.

Lewis Allinger,
John Applegate,
John Borger,
John Briggs,
George Brizee,
Stephen Burns,
James Burns,
Jas. A. Cottingham,
Thomas Connor,
Peter Crainor,
Timothy Cronan,
Daniel Cronan,
Charles H. Durning,
John Dean,
Abraham Delaney,
John Dolan,
William Downey,

Bernard Duffy,
John Dougherty,
John Fay,
Edward H. Henry,
Edward Hovey,
Joseph Howard,
Solomon Jamison,
W. I. Johnson,
Edward Kenny,
George Keeler,
Charles Kane,
James Logan,
Patrick Lanahan,
Hugh Lynch,
Patrick Mand,
James Martyn,
William Marks,

Patrick Mehan,
Jeremiah Mullins,
Peter McDermott,
James Morgan,
John S. McLaughlin,
Francis Platt,
Lawrence Ryan,
Thomas Ritchie,
John Ross,
Patrick Roach,
James B. Reddie,
Michael Ryan,
John Smith,
C. H. Steinbrenner,
William Welch,
Christian Waller,
Thomas Worth.

COMPANY B.

Robert Adams,
Julien Allen,
Benj. F. Ballinger,
Edward Beatty,
John S. Bills,
William F. Billings,
Napoleon Boundin,
Peter Burns,
Chas. Cruickshank,
Peter Carroll,
Henry Casey,
Joseph Clark,
Michael Clyn,
Michael Coyle,
Owen Craig,
John Drew,
Nicholas Dietz,
Patrick Downey,
Michael Furey,
James Gaffney,

John Gannon,
William Giles,
David Gordon,
John Hall,
Thomas Hamilton,
Martin Heffran,
Samuel Husted,
James Kilbourn,
Robert Kunzel,
Joshua McHale,
Martin McNiel,
Joseph Mosher,
John Mahoney,
Richard McDermott,
John McGrath,
Michael Moran,
John Murray,
Thomas Mullen,
John W. Newell,

William Nealis,
William Naylor,
John C. Oldrich,
Samuel Purdy,
Edward Rice,
George H. Ryan,
Frank Rodgers,
Jacob Simon,
James Skelly,
Geo. Steinbrenner,
Michael Teihn,
Richard Taylor,
James Trainer,
James Vinness,
Edward Vangeison,
Christopher Wigle,
John Wilson,
Thomas Walsh,
Cherry Yeaubatiste.

COMPANY C.

Alex. Stratton,
David J. Bernhard,
Michael Doyle,
Alex. A. Geddes,
Chas. E. Allgower,
David Blaney,

James Blaney,
Jas. Brady,
Thos. Brady,
Michael Burns,
Michael Brennan,
Alfred H. Bureap

Chas. J. Campbell,
Chas. W. Chandler,
John Donovan,
James Densmore,
Augustus Freund,
Stephen Glancey,

COMPANY C.—Continued.

Thos. Grunby,
Joseph Hamilton,
John Higgins,
Alex. Horner,
Wm. Horton,
Peter Hughes,
Henry Hungerford,
Wm. Jones,
Michael Keeler,
John Kline,
Chas. P. Lange,
Thos. Mitchell,
Joseph McCarty,

Thos. Mack,
Stephen Mack,
James Marshall,
Adam McCombich,
Jas. McKnight,
Jas. Mullen,
Sidney A. Nichols,
Michael Parcell,
Jere. Berryman,
Bradford Peck,
L. Robertson,
Alfred Rabbett,
Joseph Randall,

James Ryan,
John Ryan,
Richard San
Wm. Scott,
Christian Shuart,
Wm. St. Clair,
J. W. Stickelman,
John Sullivan,
Hugh Tighe,
John Wellington,
John Young,
Jacob Wolfer.

COMPANY D.

Thos. Armstrong,
Francis Anderson,
Noble Armstrong,
James Armstrong,
John Ames,
Chas. Allen,
John Blair,
Patrick Blake,
John Brown,
John Burns,
Alozo Blackman,
John Bracken,
Chas. Cook,
Wm. H. Cook,
Thos. Connerton,
Henry Davis,
Bernard Dooley,
Geo. Ennes,
Wm. Fox,
Geo. W. Graham,
John Gravenor,
Morris Griffin,
Daniel Grogan,

Thomas Gallagher,
Wm. Garvie,
John Harrington,
Fredrick Heeme,
Wm. Kelly,
Patrick Kelly,
Henry Keil,
Geo. Kettleman,
Samuel Linn,
Michael Maloney,
L. McCarthy,
Chas. McCully,
J. McDermott, 1st.
J. McDermott, 2d.
Jas. McGinness,
Wm. McHenry,
Wm. McPhaden,
Joseph W. Moore,
Michael Moran,
Jas. McMahon,
Chas. O'Connor,
Michael O'Neill,
John O'Brien,

Michael Owens,
Henry Olts,
Wm. Patten,
Lewis Powley,
John Pendergast,
A. J. Quinn,
Alex. C. Raymond,
Patrick Riley,
John Reynolds,
Francis Reynolds,
Robert Robinson,
Wm. Ryan,
Paul Rooney,
James Slivey,
Jacob Spartzel,
Peter Sullivan,
Daniel Turner,
Wm. Tyrrell,
Jas. A. Tomlin,
Michael Timmens,
John Talent,
Wm. Venus.

COMPANY E.

David Bayard,
Thos. Beatty,
Jacob Birtch,
Geo. Black,
James Buckley,
Patrick Callahan,
Wm. Caper,

Patrick Clifford,
Joseph Curran,
Wm. Day,
Henry Dennis,
John Durning,
James W. Elliott,
Henry Ekardt,

Jas. Foley,
John H. Foley,
James Garvey,
Patrick Giblin,
Edward Hadzeka,
Jas. Hamilton,
Geo. Harp,

COMPANY E.—Continued.

Fred. Hoffman,	Jas. Milne,	Conrad Sherman,
Michael Holland,	Bernard Montague,	John O. Silvey,
Henry Huff,	John Mulhili,	Robert C. Silvey,
Henry Hutchins,	Patrick Norton,	Wm. Sinclair,
Jas. Kenny,	John O'Brien,	Thomas Smith,
Thos. Kevlin,	Michael O'Connor,	James Sweeny,
Fred. B. Lynt,	Charles Peez,	Wm. Tiffany,
Wm. Lyons,	John Power,	Chas. H. Trigler,
Eugene Mallory,	Chas. Ray,	John L. Tuttle,
Robt. McBrien,	John Roddy,	Geo. Videto,
John McCarrick,	Patrick Roach,	Lewis Vilman,
J. T. Maguinniss,	Leon Roth,	Robt. Wainwright,
John H. McCarthy,	Patrick Ross,	John Watson,
Richard McDonnell,	F. W. Schofield,	James F. Wood,
Peter McNulty,	Wm. Seiring,	John W. Wood.

COMPANY F.

Thos. Battles,	Anthony Gland,	John Moore,
Jas. Brown,	Alex. Hamilton,	Patrick Moriarty,
Michael Breithof,	Geo. Hamilton,	Daniel Morrison,
Joshua Briggs,	John Higgins,	James P. Murray,
John Burns,	Robt. Hoendoff,	John O'Connell,
Bernard Campbell,	Cyrus Holt,	Wm. J. Phelan,
Jas. Cannon,	Wm. Kershaw,	John B. Ragan,
Henry Chapman,	William Lae,	Chas. J. Reynolds,
Geo. Davis,	Wm. Leddy,	Edwd. Scanlin,
Joseph Donehue,	Joseph Levi,	Edward Schaefer,
M. J. Dougherty,	Robt. McCall,	G. S. Sullion,
Frank J. Drakert,	John McCann,	George I. Steele,
Jas. Dunkerly,	Michael McDermott,	Wm. Stock,
Thos. Elliott,	Michael McGuire,	Henry Sullivan,
Patrick Flanagan,	Robt. McKellar,	Geo. Thurston,
Cornelius Freeland,	Owen McKenny,	Louis Tutley,
Robert Gibbs,	John Menzies,	Daniel Turner,
James Glancy,	Thos. Minogue,	

COMPANY G.

Cornelius Blauvelt,	Paul Faber,	George Harvey,
Emil Beuler,	Peter Finan,	F. Hauseman,
Philip Carroll,	Maurice Flynn,	Gustavus Hueber,
Francis Connor,	Chas. Frank,	Samuel Keeler,
Thos. Corrigan,	James Furlong,	Jeremiah Kelly,
Christian Creice,	Wm. Gaynor,	John Lenard,
John Cullen,	Wm. Gillen,	Peter Lynch,
Francis Donnelly,	James Gunnell,	John Mack,
Daniel J. Dugan,	Joseph Guthrie,	W. McCurcheon,
John Eglintou,	Geo. Hack,	Wm. Miller,

COMPANY G.—Continued.

James Monaghan,
Elon J. Morse,
Henry Murray,
Hugh O'Connor,
Robert Pester,
Owen Powell,

James Reese,
James A. Scott,
Michael Sharp,
Charles Schuh,
Simon Smith, Jr.,

Francis Stillenwerf,
Jeremiah Sullivan,
Henry Swan,
Orson A. Taylor,
Stephen Turner,

COMPANY H.

James Baldwin,
John Belson,
H. Bishop (Tooker),
Jere. Burke,
James Burns,
John Butler,
Michael Callahan,
James Campbell,
Patrick Cassidy,
Jas. Clark,
John Connolly,
Charles Cooms,
Henry Cooper,
Stephen Cray,
Patrick Donavan,
Thomas Doran,
James Dougherty,
Henry Elting,
James Gillen,

John Farney,
Michael Farrell,
John Gannon,
Daniel Garvin,
Michael Gorman,
John Hand,
John Harrison,
Joseph Hovey,
Charles Joachim,
John Keenan,
James Kielt,
Wm. Knappmann,
Dennis Lahill,
George Lary,
John Lynch,
Leroy D. Moody,
Dennis Murray,
James McCarthy,
Andrew McGraw,

Peter McKenny,
William Randolph,
Barney Riley,
John Rogers,
William Sanders,
William Seaman,
John Shaughnessy,
Barnard Simon,
John Skelly,
John Stewart,
Thomas Stewart,
George Sneath,
David Swift,
Joseph Taylor,
Lack Tierney,
Wm. Waters,
Charles West,
Charles Wilcox,

COMPANY I.

James Balson,
Daniel Black,
Robert Bridge,
John Bulger,
James Bunce,
Abm. Butterworth,
Thos. J. Cary,
John Corrigan,
Patrick Cavanaugh,
Henry Chapman, Jr.
David Clark,
Edward Connor,
James Connor,
John Craig, 1st,
John Craig, 2d,
George Crowell,
William Davis,

Patrick Daley,
Chas. H. Denton,
James Deegan,
Joseph Dunning,
James Ford,
William Gibbs,
Thomas Glancey,
William Hopper,
John Horsfall,
Edward P. Jones,
John Kernan,
Jas. Kenworthy,
James Knight,
Hugh Lilly,
Peter Logan,
Patrick Lynch,
William Mal-for,

William Marshall,
Thomas McMahon,
John Miller,
Arthur Morrow,
Jas. Mulholland,
James Murray,
John Oldham,
James Palmer,
Robt. Paterson,
John Porter,
James Robinson,
David Russell,
Andrew Sinclair,
Peter Tawse,
Jacob H. Theberath,
Samuel Walker,
Theodore Whitney,

COMPANY I.—Continued.

James Smith,
Geo. H. Steele,
John Sullivan,

John Taylor.
John H. Whitney,
Kane Williamson,

Blakely Windsor,
Thomas Wood.

COMPANY K.

Charles Benient,
Charles E. Berger,
Henry Badett,
Peter Barnard,
John Betz,
John Brown,
William Bussenias,
George Cubert,
John De Reading,
John Doetler,
Louis Eberts,
George Ebert,
Valentine Euler,
Stephen Fishback,
Louis Fritz,
Philip Fritz,
Juan Frost,
John Gerlock,

Edward Green,
David Gumperts,
Patrick Haggerty,
Fred'k Hensger,
Louis Hipp,
Henry Herbold,
John Higge,
Louis Hoelzle,
O. von Hukenbach,
Louis Kannapfel,
John Keahren,
Alex. Kellogg,
Benjamin Kerpell,
Martin Killfoil,
Mathew Kriss,
Otto Ludenbach,
Augustus Marks,
William Maurer,

Henry Miegel,
James Mulligan,
A. Naumann,
Christian Nordt,
Henry Nordt,
Henry Pfan,
John Reiser,
William Rohn,
Ernst Schroder,
Adolph Schurman,
N. Schwiskarth,
Jacob Simon,
Valentine Staerk,
Wm. Stevens,
Adam Strickler,
Joshua Thomas,
Jacob Ulrich,
Geo. Zimmerman.

State of New York, Executive Department,
Albany, 27th Oct., 1866.

Bvt. Brig. Gen'l WM. WILSON.

DEAR SIR ; I have the pleasure to transmit herewith a Brevet Commission, conferred by the President in recognition of your faithful and distinguished service in the late war.

In behalf of the State allow me to thank you for the gallantry and devotion which induced this conspicuous mention by the general Government.

I feel a lively solicitude in all that relates to the honor and prosperity of the soldiers of the Union Army, and especially those from our own State, who advanced its renown while defending the cause of our common country.

Very respectfully,

R. E. FENTON.

Recorded Vol. 5, p. 42. Adj. Gen. Office,
August 28th, 1866.
E. D. TOWNSEND, Asst. Adj. Gen.

The President of the United States of America.

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING :

KNOW YE, That I do hereby confer on WILLIAM WILSON of the United States Volunteers, in the service of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the rank of Brigadier-General by brevet in said service, to rank as such from the nineteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command to obey and respect him accordingly, and he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as he shall receive from me or the future President of the United States of America, and other Officers set over him, according to law and the rules and discipline of war. This Commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, this twenty-eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, and in the ninety-first year of the Independence of the United States.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President,

EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

SOCIETY OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT INFANTRY
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

In the summer of 1885, Captain Wm. J. Denslow and Sergeant Jacob H. Theherath, thought it was a great pity that the old soldierly fellowship of the Sixth should be entirely dissipated, and they called a meeting of such survivors of the regiment as could be found. This call was backed by Major Burgess, Captain Kaufmann, Corporals Kannapel, Carroll, Hoelzle and a few others, and it resulted in a meeting, held Nov. 26th, under the following note :

New York, Nov. 6, 1885.

. Dear Comrades—Should you desire to participate in organizing an association to consist of members of the late Sixth Regiment Infantry N. Y. Volunteers, please attend a meeting which will be held at 496 Third Avenue, New York City, on the 26th instant, (Thanksgiving) from 3 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

There are quite a number of members of the old Regiment, (estimated 100 or more), residing in New York City and vicinity, and it is thought by the undersigned and several other members who have conferred with each other on the matter, that by calling them together a permanent organization can be effected, which will be of a pleasurable and probably beneficial character. Please inform any other members whose whereabouts are known to you of the contemplated meeting and endeavor to secure their presence.

W. J. DENSLow.

Late Captain Sixth New York Volunteers.

This meeting was attended by some eighty surviving members of the regiment and resulted in the adoption of a Constitution, under which the Society now lives.

Since the definite organization of the Society, its history has been entirely harmonious and creditable, the old soldiers as usual have showed themselves not only capable of being good comrades to one another, but also in condition to give themselves and their friends a very good sort of a time when occasion called for the same.

A short sketch of the doings of the organization during the past five years is now in order, and its history is as follows: The organization has paraded on Decoration Day, from 1887 to the present time. It was in 1890 an honored guest of the Chaplain Butler Post G. A. R. of Paterson, New Jersey, from which city a large number of the best soldiers of the old regiment came. It has in all cases assisted comrades in trouble and distress, and has steadily exerted itself in the way of getting pensions for men who had proper claims on the treasury. It has likewise kept up a strong feeling of friendly relationship between all persons concerned, both the men who carried swords and the men who handled muskets in the brave old days so long ago.

The survivors of the Sixth are not now numerically very strong. The stalwart lively boys of 1861 are on the down hill side of life, and very many of the old hands have gone over to the majority, but the organization does and will so long as a member of it is above ground, consider it its absolute duty to honor and support the flag; to stand by its comrades, and to instruct the rising generation in these first duties of an American citizen.

At the first few meetings of the Association, the presence of their beloved chaplain Father Nash, was hailed with delight. He had cheering words for all, and usually made an address to the members of the

Society, full of facts and old time reminders. It was with deep feelings of regret that the Society received his resignation as a member, made necessary by duties in the church which would call him away, and suitable resolutions relating thereto were adopted.

On the occasion of the Excursion to Paterson, May 30th, 1890, the Society was photographed, a reproduction of which is given herewith. The names of the comrades present are appended, and are believed to be correct. At the ensuing meeting of the Society suitable resolutions were passed thanking the Chaplain Butler Post G. A. R., and the Ladies' Relief Corps, of Paterson, N. J., for the reception and entertainment, and a copy of the same was engrossed, and framed and forwarded to that Post.

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| 1. Capt. Chas. E. Heuberer, | 21. Christian Shuart, |
| 2. Capt. W. J. Denslow, | 22. Thos. Walsh, |
| 3. Sergeant James Smith, | 23. Sergt. John Wellington, |
| 4. Capt. J. G. McNutt, | 24. John J. Bulger, |
| 5. Dr. S. A. Mason, | 25. Benjamin Crane, |
| 6. Thos. Smith, | 26. John W. Stickelman, |
| 7. James Robinson, | 27. Miss Maggie Kielt, |
| 8. Abm. Butterworth, | 28. Chas. Chandler, |
| 9. Wm. A. Wilson, | 29. Samuel Keeler, |
| 10. Lieut. Thos. J. Robarts, | 30. A. J. Quinn, |
| 11. Robert C. Silvey, | 31. William McHenry, |
| 12. Sergt. Jacob H. Theberath, | 32. John Higgins, |
| 13. Joseph Randall, | 33. Samuel Walker, |
| 14. William Davis, | 34. Louis Kannapel, |
| 15. Edward McDonald, | 35. Owen Craig, |
| 16. William Marshall, | 36. James Dunkley, |
| 17. Corporal Philip Carroll, | 37. Charles Fisher, |
| 18. William Welch, | 38. Robert Bridge, |
| 19. Sergt. John Smith, | 39. Robert Adams, |
| 20. Corporal James Kielt, | 40. John Oldham, |

SOCIETY SIXTH REGIMENT INFANTRY NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, PATERSON, N. J., MAY 30, 1890.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Society, held at No. 70 East Fourth Street, New York City, on the evening of Friday, August 22d, 1890, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, at the invitation of CHAPLAIN BUTLER POST No. 35, Department of New Jersey Grand Army of the Republic, this Association visited Paterson, N. J., on Memorial Day, May 30th, 1890, and

WHEREAS, the reception and the hospitalities tendered by that Post were such as almost to overpower and prevent a due and just expression of our thanks at that time, and

WHEREAS, this is the first meeting of the Association since returning from that visit : therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Association tender to CHAPLAIN BUTLER POST their heartfelt thanks for the invitation ; their unbounded satisfaction for the reception and festivities received ; and their hope that every member of that Post, together with the LADIES OF THE RELIEF CORPS, may long be spared to carry on their good work of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.

Resolved, That the members of this Association can not fully express their feelings of gratitude for the kindness rendered, and hope that the time may soon come when they may be in the position to offer a return of the same.

Resolved, that the Secretary be instructed to have these resolutions suitably inscribed, and forwarded to CHAPLAIN BUTLER POST.

CHAS. E. HEUBERER,
President.

THOMAS SMITH,

Vice-Pres't & Ch. Com. of Arrangements.

JOHN W. STICKELMAN, Secretary.

The People of the State of New York.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD FREE AND INDEPENDENT :

TO WILLIAM WILSON, GREETING :

We, reposing especial trust and confidence as well in your patriotism, conduct and loyalty, as in your integrity and readiness to do us good and faithful service, have, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of the Legislature passed April 16th, 1861, entitled "An act to authorize the embodying and equipment of a Volunteer Militia and to provide for the public defence," appointed and constituted and by these presents do appoint and constitute you the said WILLIAM WILSON, COLONEL of the Sixth Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers, with rank from May 22d, 1861.

You are therefore to observe and follow such orders and directions as you shall from time to time receive from our Commander-in-Chief of the Military Forces of our said State or any other your Superior Officer according to the Rules and Discipline of War, and hold the said Office in the manner specified in and by the Constitution and Laws of our said State and of the United States in pursuance of the trust imposed in you, and for so doing this shall be your Commission.

In testimony whereof, we have caused our seal for military commissions to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, EDWIN D. MORGAN, Governor of our said State, Commander-in-Chief of the Military and Naval Forces of the same, at our City of Albany, the twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

E. D. MORGAN.

Passed the Adjt. Gen. Office,

J. MEREDITH REED, JR.,

Adjutant Gen.

[SECOND LIEUT., 8TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.]

On the 7th October, 1858, Governor John A. King issued a commission as Second Lieutenant in the 8th Regiment, Third Brigade, First Division, New York State Militia, to William Wilson, with rank from September 22d, 1858.

[CAPTAIN, 8TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.]

On the 30th July, 1859, Governor E. D. Morgan issued a commission as Captain in the 8th Regiment, Third Brigade, First Division, New York State Militia, to William Wilson, with rank from May 19th, 1859.

[Inscription on Service of Plate presented to Colonel Wilson.]

*"I did my duty and fulfilled my trust to the
people, remembering my oath of office
above all considerations."*

TO

WILLIAM WILSON,

From his fellow citizens of the Eighteenth Ward,
residents and property owners on Lexington Avenue,
etcetera, as a token of respect and admiration for
the faithful and independent discharge of his duties
as a public officer and alderman of the First Ward
Of the City of New York.

MARCH, 1857.

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